The Nation

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The Nation

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The Week

WITH the Hindenburg line reached at many points and for long stretches, and passed at others, this week will show whether the new defensive line chosen by the Germans has been reached, and if reached whether it can be held. The past week has shown that the retirement has again been in large part voluntary, the fighting being stubborn rear-guard actions. The removal of the German General Staff headquarters is further proof of long-laid plans. But what has caused so wholesale a retirement? Surely not the Allied military successes, brilliant as they were. They spelled big things, but certainly not such amazing events as we have witnessed. The going wrong of a single offensive could not account for the rapid relinquishment of three-quarters of the terrain taken this year. Is it possible that the Château-Thierry offensive was the last desperate gamble? Or that deficiencies in supplies compelled immediate retirement? We may have to wait long for an answer to these questions; but the Crown Prince in an interview in a Vienna journal seems to be preparing the German public for a purely defensive warfare hereafter. That Germany is not happy over the assertions that this great retreat is purely a war fluctuation, or is due to strategical reasons, is obvious. The abandonment of Mount Kemmel without firing a shot has evoked groans from the press; every square foot of that mountain is watered by German blood. If the Chemin des Dames goes this week, there will be real consternation in Germany, and a feeling that the offensive has passed forever. With the American troops pouring into France, the Germans will know that this ground can never be regained as it was so easily won this summer. And meanwhile more than two-thirds of that gain is in the hands of the Allies, and two-thirds as many prisoners have fallen to them as the Germans took in their advance. The German public will know what this means no matter what their militarists say.

VON HERTLING'S demand of the Constitution Committee of the Prussian Upper House that it fulfil the Kaiser's pledge of a reform of the franchise because "the protection and the preservation of the Crown and the dynasty are at stake" is entirely creditable to his sense of truth and of duty. If the Government cannot have its way in regard to that long-pledged reform, it may well expect dire treatment at the hands of the people. It will be remembered that just before the war 100,000 Prussians paraded in Berlin demanding a universal and equal franchise, and that the entire garrison of the capital was kept under arms in fear of an uprising. It is truly an ancient grievance which the Kaiser has pledged his word to end. If he does not do it, his prestige is gone; von Hertling does not exaggerate. Writing in a recent issue of *New Europe*, George Saunders declares not only that the old Prussia can no longer be maintained, but that the Prussian question has become, as in 1848, a German question, since the people realize that until Prussia is reformed "there is no hope of liberalizing the Empire." Last February, von Hertling declared that "the whole future of Prussia and of Germany depended upon" this bill, and threatened to dissolve the Chamber and call for a general election. It was in vain; the Chamber would not budge. Had there been military success, the Government might have procrastinated longer. Now it must act.

THE censorship appears to have closed tightly upon Russia, but such news as is permitted to be published indicates a continuance of disorder in European Russia and increasing preparations on the part of the Soviet Government to resist the Allies. An attack upon the British Embassy at Petrograd and the killing of Captain Cromie, the naval attaché, has brought a vigorous demand from the British Government for immediate reparation and the prompt punishment of the persons responsible for the outrage. In case complete satisfaction is not forthcoming, or if any further violence is offered to any British subject, his Majesty's Government announces that it "will hold the members of the Soviet Government individually responsible," and "will make every endeavor [*sic*] to secure that they shall be treated as outlaws by the Governments of all civilized nations and that no place of refuge shall be left to them." The protest has been followed by the arrest of Mr. Litvinoff, the representative of the Soviet Government in London. Foreign consuls of the United States, Italy, and Belgium, together with many citizens of foreign countries, have withdrawn to Sweden. The attempted assassination of Lenine has resulted in severe repressive measures at Moscow, and the entire British colony at Petrograd is asserted to have been placed under arrest. In the meantime the Allies are reported to have won a number of small successes in eastern Siberia and to be in control of the Trans-Siberian Railway from Vladivostok to the Volga. The scattered forces of the Czecho-Slovaks appear to be holding their own, but conflicting reports of local successes and reverses at widely separated points make it impossible to determine at this writing whether or not their position as a whole has been improved. The outstanding feature of Russian military preparations is the election of Trotzky as president of the Supreme War Council by the Soviet Executive Committee, and the choice of Wazzettes, a Lettish leader, as commander-in-chief for all the Russian fronts.

THE most encouraging and hope inspiring feature of the week's news is the declaration by the British Trade Union Congress for a continuance of the free-trade policy. Thus nobly does the work of Richard Cobden and his continuators triumph over the disintegrating influences of the war. The education of British labor has been sound and thorough and it stands proof against even the seductions of the Paris Conference. President Wilson must be delighted. The same forces that destroyed Chamberlain are ready with an unshortened arm to take political vengeance on any renegade leader who follows Chamberlain's course, and it is inconceivable except on the theory of *prius dementat* that Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Robert Cecil should not give this warning their prayerful consideration and avail them-

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selves of the brief season of repentance which now is and will never be again. But what will the reaction be upon American labor? Will it get from this action of the Congress a clear sense that this is indeed "labor's war" as President Wilson truly called it in his Labor Day message; a war for economic freedom, and that any victory is defeat if a single element of that freedom is sacrificed or mortgaged? Mr. Gompers attended the Congress; will he be converted from his allegiance to an obsolete trade unionism and come back prepared to furnish American labor with the leadership of another Cobden? Has his proximity to Russia, his contact with his Continental associates, brought him any closer to the simple doctrine that free trade and free land mean free men and without them there can be no free men? We hope so; and we hope that American labor will give him and all its foreign missionaries a timely and substantial intimation that it must have light on these matters, a light that is not darkness, and that a failure to furnish it is a capital failure in the stewardship of a great trust and will be dealt with accordingly.

JUST as we were getting ready to comment on the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Gompers, he turned up in the headlines again on Friday as having made his usual powerful impression in a win-the-war speech to the British Trade Union Congress at Derby. Mr. Gompers went to England, the newspapers say, to put an effective stopper on Mr. Arthur Henderson and to shepherd the erring brethren of alleged pacifist tendency back into the way they should go. In his absence on Thursday, however (at least this is the only hypothesis we can offer), the Congress seems absent-mindedly to have passed a resolution demanding peace negotiations as soon as the Germans either voluntarily or by compulsion withdraw from France and Belgium; condemning the Government's refusal of passports to labor delegates; and demanding a voice in the peace conference. This puts Mr. Henderson firmly in the saddle. The striking feature of the situation is perhaps not so much the immense majority in favor of the resolution as that it was supported by labor members of the Government. Even Mr. George Barnes, the labor representative in the war Cabinet, finally voted for it, though it was supposed that he would support the position of Havelock Wilson, president of the Seamen's Union, who opposed the resolution, declaring that Germany must be defeated absolutely. Mr. Gompers seems to have arrived a day too late. Some of his associates were among those present, and our press reports remark their surprise at the very slight support that Mr. Wilson was able to enlist.

MR. HURLEY, the chairman of the Shipping Board, and Mr. Schwab, the director-general of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, gave out some encouraging figures of ship construction the other day. Deliveries in August aggregated 44 steel ships, with a total tonnage of 340,145, and 22 wood or composite vessels, aggregating 78,500 tons. For the seven months ending July 31 American yards turned out 1,312,750 deadweight tons and British yards 1,359,542 tons. A total construction, Allied and neutral, of 2,113,591 tons for the first six months of the present year is offset by submarine sinkings of 2,089,393 tons for the same period. The foregoing figures of British tonnage built do not agree with those given out by the British Admiralty, which announces a total tonnage for the first eight months of the present year of only 1,029,869 tons. This, however, is a gain of 349,166 tons over the corresponding period last year, notwithstanding that the showing for August, 124,675 gross tons, was the poorest since April. Even on the basis of the American estimates, it does not appear that the submarine has ceased to be a grave menace, or that the world shipping situation, with construction only a little more than keeping pace with sinkings, is likely to show marked improvement for some time to come, particularly as marine accidents are very numerous and ships are wearing out. So long as the movement of troops to Europe, reinforced as it will now be by increased transport of troops and supplies to Russia, goes on, provision of merchant tonnage will continue to be severely restricted everywhere. There is a measure of comfort in the Shipping Board's estimate that the sinkings in American waters, from May to August inclusive, numbered less than 100 vessels of all kinds, with a tonnage of less than 100,000 tons.

THE final form of the proposed contract between the Government and the railways was made public by Director-General McAdoo on Thursday, and on the following day its acceptance was recommended by the Railway Executives Advisory Committee, representing 82 out of the 172 standard roads taken over by the Government. The contention that the railways should be granted the right to sue for loss of business or diversion of traffic due to Government control is denied "because the railroads have been taken over for war purposes, which necessitate diversion of traffic, hence there can be no escape from the view that Congress intended the compensation which it authorized to cover this element." The Government, on the other hand, recedes from its original position requiring the railways to provide and maintain their own working capital. With guaranteed earnings for the period of Federal control based on the profits of the prosperous three-year period ending on June 30, 1917, it must be admitted that the companies have on the whole been treated generously, despite a measure of unavoidable unfairness in special cases. Both patriotism and good business judgment appear to dictate acceptance of the contract recommended by the railway presidents, rather than litigation in the Court of Claims, which is the alternative open to a dissatisfied carrier.

THE Chamber of Commerce of the United States has written a letter to President Wilson asking that the two vacancies existing in the Federal Trade Commission be filled by "men whose interests are single to the Commission's work." It will be remembered that Mr. Harris and Mr. Davies resigned the chairmanship of the Commission to seek nominations to the Senate—a proceeding which the Chamber very properly criticises as establishing a dangerous precedent. Nothing could bring the Commission into deeper disrepute than its continued use by anxious pilgrims as a pathway towards elective office. The remainder of the letter, however, is taken up with *ex parte* accusations of inefficiency, vacillation, unscrupulousness, and dishonesty, quite as vehement and unconvincing as anything the Chamber finds to complain of in the Commission's own reports. The public is not prepossessed by the Commission. It is a weak body of perfervid temper and non-judicial habit and has proved itself not incapable of descent to cheap histrionics. Yet at the same time the public is incorrigibly suspicious of any suggestions that the Chamber would offer by way of relief; and in a choice between the Commission and the Cham-

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ber, its confidence undoubtedly cleaves to the former. In spite of its blunders and its levity, the Commission has the good will of all but the most reactionary interests in the country. Its personnel should be strengthened and its sense of responsibility quickened to guard it against any failure in dignity and intellectual seriousness.

THE chief interest of the Polish convention which ended its sessions at Detroit on August 31 turned upon the question of accepting the control of the Paris National Committee for Poland. The Paris Committee is the officially recognized Provisional Government of the free Polish state which, it is hoped, will be definitively established as a result of the war. Naturally, the Paris Committee has desired to bring under its jurisdiction, so far at least as sympathy and programme go, the approximately 5,000,000 Poles in the United States. Mr. Ignace Paderewski, who has made himself the head of the Polish movement in this country, has all along regarded himself as the "plenipotentiary" of the Paris Committee; but there has been, apparently, considerable dissatisfaction with his management and a marked difference of opinion over the question of subjecting the American movement for a free Poland to the control of a foreign organization. Criticism has also been rife of the handling of funds contributed in this country for Polish relief, and of the attitude of the official Publicity Bureau. The likelihood of a split in the convention was sufficient to bring to the Detroit meeting Mr. Roman Dmowski, the president of the Paris Committee and a leading member of the Polish National Democratic party—a party which the radical Poles regard as aristocratic and reactionary. The outcome of the convention was the defeat of separatism and the adoption of resolutions accepting the control of the central body at Paris. A significant feature of the convention, which appears to have been dominated by the conservative and clerical elements, was the marked opposition to Americanization, at least for the period of the war, as tending to foster indifference to the Polish cause.

RELIANCE upon a statement in the New York *Sun* in regard to the attitude of Mr. Earl D. Barnes, the Assistant District Attorney in charge of the case against the *Masses* editors, led the *Nation* to criticise that official severely and unjustly in its issue of July 13. This it sincerely regrets; it should have known by long experience how untrustworthy are the reports of current events in metropolitan newspapers. But the direct statements made in that article, which were uncontradicted after ten days, must be our excuse. Mr. Barnes did not, it appears, object in the least to the postponement of the case asked for by Mr. Hillquit in order to enable the latter to attend the Socialist Convention at Chicago; on the contrary, he cheerfully consented. Other words attributed by the *Sun* to Mr. Barnes were the words of Mr. Hillquit. Again, the *Nation* did not understand that in protesting against the induction of Floyd Dell into the military service Mr. Barnes was merely calling the attention of the responsible local draft board to their violation of the law, Mr. Dell being debarred from the service because "he was at large on bail under criminal process." Naturally, the *Nation* had no desire to misrepresent Mr. Barnes's attitude. Incidentally, it is announced that the new trial of the *Masses* editors will take place on September 25. It is to be hoped that this time it will be correctly reported.

ONE swallow does not make a summer, but it is an inspiriting object to contemplate, notwithstanding. We are glad to see in "Fiddlers Three," which opened at the Cort Theatre last week, a Mendelian throw-back of musical comedy to the old-style operetta. Its libretto is in good orthodox tradition, and those whose opinion in such matters is more authoritative than ours assure us that its score reflects excellent musical scholarship. The seeker after rational light entertainment in the musical line has had rather a discourging time of it in recent seasons. We had the Lyceum's splendid venture two years ago, and there have been now and then symptoms of a Gilbert and Sullivan revival, but the actual outbreak into popularity has always been somehow stayed. A pilgrimage down the Bowery rewards one sometimes with delightful finds like "Fra Diavolo" and "I Saltimbanchi," but without recourse to the foreign-language newspaper, so despised of energetic patriots, the quest is difficult. Americanization being in our judgment a matter of even give-and-take, we wish heartily that our own newspapers would make a little more of the cultural activities of our foreign-born friends, enough at least to let theatregoers know where to find the very respectable performances of light and comic opera and operetta that frequently take place outside the consecrated "theatre district." No doubt one steps on burning ground in ever attempting—shall one say?—to exculpate the contemptible Victorian tradition, or vouchsafe a good word for any tendency that does not obviously "palpitate with modernity." Still, it seems a pity that youth should dismiss the *tempus actum* without really knowing the best it could do. Perhaps an indoctrination with operetta more or less in the grand style, like "Fiddlers Three," may induce some curiosity about the amusements that satisfied them of old time, and who knows but a taste of "Fatinitza," "Falka," or "The Little Duke" might assay some satisfaction even to a palate heavily cayenned with the Frolics, Follies, Frailties, and Foibles that now do duty in their stead? In this, as in all else, understanding carries one more than half-way to sympathy.

CHAMPIONSHIPS in sport are dear to the American public, as was clearly shown at the recent tournament for the national title in lawn tennis held on Long Island. A year ago the National Association decided not to award any title, but to hold a "patriotic" tournament, with the receipts to go to the Red Cross. Five ranking players out of the ten competed, yet the attendance was surprisingly small. This year the championship was restored, and with only two of the ranking players engaged, and with war relief funds the beneficiary as before, the galleries, from the very beginning, contained thousands, and the interest was as great as in the days before the war, when all the leading players of America contested for the championship. With the crowning of R. Lindley Murray as champion in lawn tennis came the practical end of amateur sport for the year. College football will begin this month, but that appeals to only a limited number of people, mainly students. Professional baseball also came to an end last week—cut off by the Secretary of War—and a great surprise came to the club owners, who had expected to realize vast sums from the world's series as in the past. Their estimate of the interest of the public in exhibitions of the kind went askew, for with prices cut in half from last year the attendance was reduced more than one-half. Baseball is suffering along with all other kinds of professional sport.

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Civil Liberty Dead

It is estimated that in New York and near-by towns 75,000 men have been "arrested" in the last two days by the agents of the Department of Justice, assisted by soldiers, sailors, and patriotic organizations impressed for that purpose, and that fewer than 3 per cent. of those arrested were found to be "slackers" in fact. This means that over 70,000 citizens who had faithfully discharged their self-imposed obligations in the first selective draft were rudely seized in their goings to and fro, bundled into trucks and improvised patrol wagons, exposed in a helpless manner to the hoots and jeers of the populace, detained for hours in barracks and armories, and at last released without any possibility of redress. . . .

THUS speaks no pacifist or anti-war newspaper, but the Republican, intensely pro-war, "bitter-ender" New York *Tribune*. It errs on the side of mildness. Senator Johnson likened these raids to the application of the "Law of Suspects" during the Reign of Terror of the French Revolution. Senator Calder and other pro-war Senators were unrestrained in their denunciation, and even Senator Sherman asked: "Is there any material difference between this militarism and Kaiserism in Berlin and the bayonetting of innocent men about the streets of New York?" No more disgraceful or more lawless happening has occurred in the metropolis. These arrests without warrants, mostly by striplings in uniform and irresponsible agents of a volunteer, self-appointed protective (!) league, were an offence against the historic spirit of the nation, as they were a deadly insult to the men who had submitted to the draft, either joyfully or with patriotic resignation. It was Prussian militarism pure and simple, even if it emanated from the Department of Justice.

No wonder the President has ordered an inquiry. Men were torn from their wives' sides in the theatres, yanked out of street cars, pulled off milk-wagons and trucks of all kinds, which vehicles were left to stand where they were abandoned. Men from up-State and New Jersey—and there were thousands of them—who had no warning of the raid and had left their cards at home—were first taken to police stations and then to an armory, where everything was in utter confusion and where many spent the entire night upon their feet. Numbers were held by the police who showed their registration cards, but were without their classification cards, which have never been issued by the draft boards of many up-State towns. And always there was this Prussian spectacle of men with rifles in their hands surrounding groups like the curb-market brokers in Broad Street as if they were criminals. This not in Russia nor in the home of the "Beast of Berlin," but in America, the home of democracy, the land of the free.

The most amazing thing about it all is the long-suffering patience of the public. In England the Government has never since the beginning of the war seen the day that it dared undertake such a raid on the rights of its subjects, and, so far as we are aware, nothing like it has ever been attempted in France. How will it read when, with the inevitable exaggeration, it reaches the Berlin press? It was Oliver Cromwell who said: "There is but one general grievance, and that is the law." It really seems as if the Department of Justice intended the American people to feel similarly. Certainly nothing that the I. W. W. has ever done or dreamed of doing could make the draft so unpopular in a few short hours with so many supporters of the President and of the war as this act of the Department of Justice, or of its ill-advised agents. Do they share the opinion truthfully or untruthfully attributed to an English cynic, that one can put anything over on Americans, who wear the same clothes, think the same thoughts, and read the same newspapers?

But, after all, the worst feature of the affair is not the official anarchy. It is the fact that personal liberty and freedom have disappeared in America, and that the bulk of our vocal patriots thoughtlessly approve of it in the earnestness of their desire to win the war. At the very moment when the British Labor party and the Liberal party together have demanded of the Lloyd George Government that freedom of press and speech shall be restored at once—*now*, not when the war ends—when the French Socialists have just unanimously voted that, war or no war, there will be a general strike in France if Clemenceau again denies their passports to Socialists who desire to attend the long-planned Inter-Allied Socialist Conference—we in America are witnessing the suppression of the right of public meeting and of a free press, with almost no protests. The freedom with which the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Daily News*, the London *Nation*, and a host of other papers in England and Ireland criticise the Government for the Government's good is unknown here. Senator Johnson did not exaggerate when on Friday last he declared that the only place in the United States in which there is free speech to-day is the Senate in which he spoke. Both Democrats and Republicans denounced the New York outrage irrespective of party lines. But when so weak and ineffective a Senator as Mr. Sherman, of Illinois, begins to attack the Administration, as he did in a lengthy speech on the third of September, there is at least this much encouragement: it appears that there is the beginning of that Opposition in Congress the need of which has been so painfully obvious. If the Republicans are searching for an issue, they need look no further. If the American people could realize what has been done and is being done throughout the country in the name of liberty, they would emphatically demand and support an organized Opposition to the end that this government may again be a government of laws and not of men.

An official of the Department of Justice was privately asked this week why an American newspaper was denied the mails because it contained an editorial from the London *Nation*, passed as proper both by the British censor and the American Censorship Office; why the *Public*, a most devoted and loyal upholder of the war and of the President and Secretary Baker, has twice been denied the mails. He had no explanation to offer. What *is* the explanation of it? Why is it that a democracy that ought to be infinitely more jealous of its constitutional rights and prerogatives than a limited monarchy can thus in a year's time knuckle under to official bureaucracy and autocracy—without protest? What is the psychological explanation? Is it terrorism? Is it the all-embracing Espionage act, under which a man may go to jail for expressing an unfavorable opinion about the principle of a draft, or for saying that this is a capitalistic war? Is it the result of official propaganda, or of an over-cultivation of the narrowly nationalistic spirit? We cannot answer. But we are certain that if the war goes on much longer and Mr. Wilson wishes to retain such leadership of the world of liberalism as he has obviously won in the last eighteen months and to shape the outcome of the war, he has no time to lose in examining what is being done to make democracy unsafe in America.

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The One Thing Needful

THE labor missions that we send abroad seem to be singularly unproductive of information. They go as propagandists rather than as reporters. Mr. Duncan has been abroad recently; Mr. Spargo and Mr. Gompers are there now. They went on a crusade, a salesman's drive, when every circumstance of the occasion indicated that if they were to go at all, their mission should be that of an explorer. The one thing needful at the present moment is that we should know the whole state of European labor. On its industrial side, our war programme must be based on accurate knowledge of the capacity and intention of European workers, and on its political side no less must it be adjusted to the power and purpose of the whole European proletariat. Nor is it enough that our Government should have this information; our people must have it. The old tripartite division of function in former wars, when an upper class planned and directed, a middle class found the money, and a lower class fought and labored, is no longer possible in any nation. Mr. Winston Churchill admirably describes this present war as a race with revolution; and whether the revolution be violent and bloody or "a revolution by due course of law" depends finally upon nothing but the opportunities permitted the several peoples to gain true knowledge of one another's conditions and purposes. No less grave than this is the matter which emissaries like Mr. Gompers have in hand. Mr. Duncan went to Russia; he was looked to for a full and authoritative report of the conditions of Russian labor. We know now, to our cost and discredit, what his observations were worth. Mr. Gompers will be looked to for a report on British and Continental labor. We can anticipate the formula. He will return to "an Atlantic port," where he will "express his confidence" in this or that, and then presently make his way to Washington to "assure the Administration" of this or that. Nothing more is to be expected. Mr. Gompers, like Mr. Duncan, goes abroad as neither an observer nor a prophet, nor has he the first qualification for either rôle. He is a salesman on a drummer's rounds. He went, as a New York paper grandly says, "to sell this country's idea of victory to the pacifist elements in Allied countries, especially England." When Mr. Gompers drops the sample case and mounts the tripod, therefore, the public will get from him at his best merely the kind of information that a sturdy partisan drummer, travelling continually in an atmosphere of sheer bagmanism, is able to furnish; and with all that the public can do nothing.

A belligerent people has no way of viewing foreign peoples simply as men and women of like passions with themselves, at work in a common world; and this is precisely the view it should by right have and must have in the present instance if our readjustments are not to be catastrophic. Americans have the press; but between terrorism and subsidy there are obvious reasons why our journalism may not even pretend to present a complete record of the European labor movement. We have the enterprise of Mr. Creel, but Mr. Creel, too, is a salesman, bearing the burden and heat of the day as he "sells the war" to his fellow-countrymen. Our diplomatic service has commercial attachés, the Department of Labor has agents in foreign service and gets out excellent reprints of European documents and statistics. All this, however, does not quite enable us so to follow the current of events as to make a dependable forecast of the future. Our military reports are of strategy, armies, positions, lines, but not of men. Our industrial reports are of goods, markets, ships, credits, but not of people. They do not help us to understand the swift and subtle play of forces between human beings; and knowledge of these is the essential knowledge that we must somehow get.

How, for example, are we to interpret the action of the British Trade Union Congress on September 4 when it adopted its peace resolution and demanded a voice in the peace conference? Will Mr. Gompers tell us its motive? Is he qualified to have a respectable opinion? If his report becomes to some extent the basis for American policy, shall we be justified in a sense of security? Mr. Spargo, only a few days before the resolution, had an article in the New York *Tribune* saying that no trade union in England could muster a decent pacifist minority. Is then the overwhelming repudiation of the bitter-ender Havelock Wilson a mere personal triumph for Mr. Henderson irrespective of his views and principles, the triumph of a pacifist but not of pacifism? How, again, shall we regard the attitude of French organized labor towards peace terms and intervention in Russia; its threat of a general strike if passports be not granted to delegates to international conferences; the triumph of the extreme minority Socialists in formulating a general platform? What took place at the recent conference of the Miners' Federation at Southport under the presidency of Robert Smillie; or at the secret session of labor at Perth, West Australia, attended by the Premier of Queensland? The resolutions adopted there mentioned President Wilson by name. The Premier of New South Wales called them "arrant nonsense," but even so it would be well to know what was in the minds of those who promulgated them. Does the red flag fly over the Trades Halls in Sydney and Melbourne, and, if so, what does it signify? What are we to think of a five-line item buried in the last page of an evening paper last Thursday, saying that extremists dominated the Socialist Congress at Rome, which passed strong resolutions against the war?

We have had one bitter and shameful experience in permitting diplomats, soldiers, corporation lawyers, and journalists to interpret a social and industrial upheaval in Russia instead of simply and sensibly letting the Russian people, who were chiefly concerned and presumably knew what they were driving at, interpret it themselves. Mark Twain said that while a naturalist's opinion about a bug was very interesting and valuable, he would a great deal rather get the bug's opinion about itself. Why not let European labor speak freely for itself? The opinion of a Cornish miner or a Lancashire overlooker would help us much more to an understanding of British labor than any number of observations from Mr. Gompers. Let Mr. Ramsay MacDonald help us further; let M. Longuet help us to understand the French laboring classes, and M. Graziadei the Italian. Let us hear freely from minorities as well as majorities, from the rank and file as well as from the leaders. Let us do all we can to promote the free interchange of opinion among international groups of every name, sect, and persuasion. If there are governmental arrangements that prevent this, let American labor see to it that they exist no longer. It is not a matter that concerns governments. Common understanding is essential to the coöperation of peoples; and without this coöperation no war can be won, no peace made permanent.

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A United Labor Party

IS the American farmer, as a farmer, going into politics? In those Western States in which the Non-Partisan League is developing strength he apparently is, for the League is distinctly a farmers' movement. "The farmers of Minnesota have spoken"—so runs a campaign circular which is being scattered broadcast over that State—"and David Evans, of Tracy, will be their candidate for Governor in the November election." Mr. Evans, who is styled "a progressive Democrat" in politics, has been in political life for twenty years and an active member of the League "ever since the farmers of Minnesota started to organize." That his farming, with which he combines a hardware business, has been fairly profitable is evidenced by the fact that he "is reputed to own $15,000 worth of Liberty bonds." Back of him are the 151,000 votes polled by the League at the June primaries. With a total gubernatorial vote of 338,953 in 1916 for the Republican and Democratic candidates and 51,666 votes divided between three candidates of minor parties, Mr. Evans obviously has some chance of being elected.

Even more interesting, however, is the fact that Mr. Evans is the candidate of labor as well as of the farmers. "Organized Farmers Unite with Organized Labor to Elect Minnesota's Next Executive" is the sub-heading of the campaign circular from which we have just quoted. "At a great labor political convention held in St. Paul August 25," the announcement continues, "delegates from nearly every union in the State voted to take a hand in defeating both the Republican and Democratic political machines, and formed a league to coöperate with the organized farmers." The unions and the farmers "have seen the necessity for political action to back up the economic and industrial reforms that were never so necessary as now that we are at war"; and they have accordingly joined in supporting the candidacy of Mr. Evans for Governor and of Thomas E. Davis, a well-known lawyer "who has not been hired or tied up by the big corporations," for Attorney-General.

The political union which has just been effected in Minnesota is not without precedent. A few months ago the Pacific Coöperative League and the California branch of the Farmers' Educational and Coöperative Union of America united with the State Federation of Labor to form the California Union of Producers and Consumers. The declared objects of this organization were "to bring joint action to bear on pressing legislative changes; to further public ownership of all public utilities, including transportation and communication; to free the land and society from privileges and monopoly; and to provide a practical plan of cooperation for the equitable distribution of food and other necessaries of life." The formation of the California union represented a successful effort on the part of the State Federation of Labor to apply its principles of organization to the farmers of that State, at the same time that the radical programme which was adopted testified to the spread, among farmers and trade unionists alike, of the advanced views which are rapidly transforming the whole political and economic thought of the United States, and which have relegated most of the time-honored tenets of Republicans and Democrats to the political lumber-room.

We have long been convinced that one of the best things that could happen to American politics would be the formation of a united labor party. In saying this we do not at all mean to take the position that the interests of labor as such ought permanently to be set over against the interests of capital. On the contrary, we insist upon the opposite conception. Social life is a whole; its guiding principle ought to be coöperation, not antagonism. We contemplate with no satisfaction whatever the indefinite continuance of a society divided into armed camps, each fighting offensively or defensively for what it regards as its rights, and punctuating its warfare with more or less extended intervals of truce. But in the period of social reconstruction which is now upon us, with pretty much every economic or political achievement of the past on the defensive and new ideas pressing tumultuously to the front, there will be need for some time to come of a national labor party to champion the claims of those who work with their hands against the claims of those who possess or exploit or command.

What the country ought not to have, however, is a labor party of the old sort, based upon trade unionism and representing the opinions and desires of those who, in a narrow sense, are classed as industrial workers. The action which has been taken in Minnesota and California points the way. The economic interest of the farmer in the production and marketing of his crops is often far more closely akin to the economic interest of the worker who labors in the factory or mine than to that of the manufacturer or banker or mine operator. What we have, in fact, in this country is two bodies of producers, the industrial workers and the farmers. Neither is or can be entirely sympathetic with what is popularly called capitalism, each has a vital interest in wages and hours and pensions and cost of living, and both ought to unite. If trade unionism is good or bad for the one, it is good or bad for the other; in either case it is not likely to disappear from the world for a while yet; but the united labor party which the country needs will be, not a party of trade unionists, but a party of workers and producers irrespective of union organization or affiliation.

The coming labor party, then, ought to rest in part, as the candidacies of Mr. Evans and Mr. Davis in Minnesota rest entirely, upon the union of farmers and trade unionists in a common purpose. There is a third class, however, without whose presence a labor party would be incomplete, namely, the intellectual workers. The epoch-making programme of the British Labor party contains nothing more inspiring than the inclusion within the scope of its interests of those who work with their brains, as well as those who labor with their hands. No American party has ever addressed itself particularly to the intellectual classes—to the teachers, writers, scientists, and professional men whose economic relations to capital are predominantly those of employees rather than of economic equals, but who nevertheless as a class ought to be, and to a considerable extent are, the mainstay of social reform. There is no place for an agrarian party in this country, nor is it in the nature of intellectual workers to form a political party by themselves. The various labor parties which have appeared from time to time in the past, standing in the main for the claims of trade unionism, have never had the slightest chance of attaining national importance. But if there might now arise, even while the war is going on, a united labor party of industrial workers, intellectual workers, and farmers, the vast body of American sentiment which earnestly desires a better political and economic life than that which we are now living would unquestionably have found a programme and a voice.

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Paying the Bill

THE new revenue bill, reported in the House last week, represents in some respects the high-water mark thus far reached in war financing. Not only does it call for a sum unprecedented in tax history, but it discloses a wholesome purpose to continue meeting a high proportion of our enormous financial outlay by taxation and not by borrowing. In the picturesque phrase of Mr. Kitchin, the limit of taxation should be only the impossible. In the second year of the Civil War taxes covered but a sixth of expenditures, and even in the last year of that struggle the proportion rose only to a fourth. Of estimated expenditures of $24,329,000,000 for 1918–19, the measure now reported by the House Committee is designed to provide no less than $8,182,000,000, or a full third—the same proportion as last year; and if we assume that the $6,000,000,000 to be loaned to our allies is recoverable, then taxes would provide no less than 43 per cent. of our Federal charges—a proportion not hitherto approached in the financing of a great war. Senator Smoot may wring his hands over the discouragement to industry involved in paying an unnecessarily high proportion of war costs out of the earnings of current industry, but the Treasury and Congress deserve credit for applying the taxing power promptly and heavily, instead of saddling the burden on the future. Let each generation pay for its own wars.

The bill calls renewed attention to the gains made in the Federal revenue system by giving up the old dependence on a customs tariff, and by relying instead upon income and business taxes. In the first year of the Civil War more than 95 per cent. of our revenues came from customs duties; in the very midst of the conflict we were therefore obliged to devise and put into operation a wholly new revenue system. How different to-day! During the past fiscal year we raised by taxation the largest sum ever provided by any nation during such a period; yet we are preparing to double even that amount during the coming twelve months, largely by the simple expedient of doubling or trebling the rates. It is an impressive demonstration of the flexibility of a tax system based largely on income and business taxes.

Of widest general interest is the individual income tax. The existing exemptions of $1,000 for single persons and $2,000 for married ones are retained. In view of the rise of prices, such action means, of course, a certain lowering of the actual exemption. On the first $4,000 of non-exempt income the normal rate is raised from two per cent., as at present, to six, and above the $4,000 limit to twelve, while the surtaxes carry the rate up and up until the income millionaire must give two-thirds of his receipts to the tax gatherer. Probably few persons dreamed, when the income tax was written into the tariff law of 1913, that five years would see it transformed into so sharp a tool for income equalization. To be sure, the man who annually receives $5,000,000 will still have the tidy sum of a million and a half left after his contribution to the Federal Treasury is made. Though not objecting in principle to differentiation between "earned" and "unearned" incomes, the Committee states that it has been unable to devise a practical method of taxing the former at a higher rate than the latter—a problem that the British Exchequer appears to have solved to its satisfaction. For good or ill, however, under stress of war we are learning to use the income tax, and a democracy that has once learned that lesson will never forget it.

The contest over the bill is apparently to centre on the corporation taxes as expressed in the profits schedules. Secretary McAdoo and Chairman Kitchin have locked horns sharply here, the former wishing a drastic tax on war profits as such, the latter desiring essentially an excess-profits tax based on the percentage of earnings to capital, rather than on gains due to the war. The Committee's measure appears to be a clumsy combination of both methods, albeit an improvement over last year's enactment. For every reason we desire to see war profits taxed at a very high rate (Mr. McAdoo would levy eighty per cent.), and there is little sound objection to such a tax; on the other hand, the excess-profits tax, as already indicated by the experience of the past year, presents problems of the most intricate character economically. None the less, it does not deserve the undiscriminating condemnation bestowed on it by critics who have not taken the pains to understand it.

The bill contains other interesting and important features enough. Chairman Kitchin and his associates deserve the thanks of the country for having refused to levy consumption taxes by taxing all sales, as demanded by Senator Smoot, for example. By levying $1,138,000,000 on beverages, the Committee may well have put a real obstacle in the way of war-time prohibition. Every great new measure of taxation involves important and sometimes unforeseen economic results; this one will doubtless be no exception. But even as it stands in the Committee draft, the new bill represents a further development of the sound democratic principles of taxation that have been coming to prevail in Federal finance since Mr. Wilson entered the White House. For its part in the work of the past five years, full credit should be given to our much-abused national legislature.

It is fortunate, indeed, that President and Congress have worked together since March 4, 1913, for the improvement of our national tax system; otherwise the war would have found the Government financially impotent. The chairman of the Ways and Means Committee has expressed his conviction that the annual expenses of the Federal Government will never again fall below $4,000,000,000. Even if they do not reach that figure, nevertheless the enormous increase of expenditures gives a wholly new importance to the exercise of the taxing power. We cannot too quickly learn or too soon put into practice the principle that privilege, not property, is the proper source of public revenue. It is because the legislation of the past five years indicates a groping after that principle, rather than a satisfactory embodiment of it, that such legislation deserves approval. The true theory of taxation is not that the "rich should foot the bills." This is in good part the theory underlying the income, inheritance, and profits taxes. In our judgment, it is not only unsound, but vicious, because it caters to the public taste for wealth-baiting. Industry should as far as possible be exempt, and the incidence of taxation should fall on privilege. We have a long road to travel before our tax laws will approach reasonably near that ideal, but at least we may now travel hopefully. Only nine years ago we were enacting a new protective tariff swindle that created privileges for the few by taxing the many. To-day we are imposing income and profits taxes in the attempt to reach the privileges that law has created. Nine years have brought a profound change, and the pending revenue bill is animated by the new spirit. With our feet at last turned in the right direction, we may hope some day to reach the goal.

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Carlyle and Kaiser Worship

By STUART P. SHERMAN

THE recent burning of German textbooks by order of the school boards, reported from certain western villages, was a dramatic and almost a religious act, not without its social value for simple-hearted spectators. But we can use the flame of war to better purposes than burning sentimental German stories. We can use it more wisely if we read those sentimental stories by it, and other works of greater import. Language plays strange pranks with us. We fall into the habit of saying that we are living in the shadow of an awful calamity. We might say with equal truth that we are living in the light of an awful calamity. The flame of this war sends its wild flare over vast tracts of darkness around and behind us. It searches out things dead, buried, and forgotten, and gathers them into its wide circle of blazing light, and under its miraculous brightness makes them dance with a strange electrical life. It makes the dusky history of the past two hundred years a part of our present day. It makes its chronicles, biographies, and poems contemporary, vital, and pertinent, and to be read by every one who professes interest in what is going on.

Now, in the supernatural light of battle, is the hour for a bird's-eye view of the great ways down which the peoples of the earth have come to their conflict in France. Scouts who have not burned their German guide-books report that they have surveyed the long road behind the battered and battering front of the German army and have found that it runs straight out from the present war-lords through a long succession of barons and high priests and professors and theologians of war to the great founder and designer of the Prussian highway among the nations, that eminent highwayman, Frederick the Great, who sends a ghostly cheer to the General Staff, so earnestly striving to hold the crown upon the reeling head of William II. These same scouts show you the highway behind the Allies: near at hand you see the Russian Czar scurrying off to Siberia and elsewhere, and the Greek King slipping from his throne, and various Napoleons packing up and off to island exile, and you hear the head of Louis XVI tumbling into the basket, and you see the Continental Congress elbowing George III out of the western hemisphere, and James II hopping from his throne, and you hear the head of Charles I tumbling into the basket, and all the way you hear the angry thunder of the applause of multitudes of people crowding down through the ages to strike at the crowned head of the German army in Flanders. It is a collision of the two great sects of road-makers: those who are clearing the people out of the way of kings, and those who are clearing the kings out of the way of the people.

In the wide illumination of the war we can see that England chose her side in the conflict at least as early as the seventeenth century, that France chose her side at least as early as the eighteenth, and that America was dedicated at birth to the side on which she is fighting. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Americans would all agree to-day that if the Allies should fail, the entire drift and purpose of modern history, so far as they are concerned, would be defeated, the grand evolution of modern society would be frustrated, and the official Prussian historian would be at liberty to interpret the English Civil War as a suicidal mania, the French Revolution as a death spasm, and the birth of America and the South American republics as a series of abortions. If the Allies triumph, as they will, the mouth of the official Prussian historian will be stopped with dust; and we shall value our own historians and prophets and poets with reference to their participation in what we shall be bound to regard as the master-movement of modern times. Without the slightest disrespect to that mild-mannered, inoffensive gentleman of England who spends so much of his time shaking hands with boiler-makers and nurses and baseball players, it may be said that the spirit of the present hour sends a flush of new life through the long pallid invective of the windiest of English poets:

> Oh, that the free would stamp the impious name
> Of king into the dust! or write it there,
> So that this blot upon the page of fame
> Were as a serpent's path, which the light air
> Erases, and the flat sands close behind!
> Ye the oracle have heard:
> Lift the victory-flashing sword,
> And cut the snaky locks of this foul gordian word.

On the other hand, the time-spirit invites us to reconsider some of the solidest reputations in the light of the western bonfires. Here and there it has been charged that a malicious hand could show a damaging parallel to contemporary German thought in English writers. The charge is true. One can find damaging parallels in the thought of two of the most eloquent writers of the nineteenth century, Thomas Carlyle and his disciple, John Ruskin. The influence of these men in England and in America was immense, and in many ways it was most salutary and nobly inspiring. Between them they talked and preached and thundered for three-quarters of a century—from 1825 to 1900. The burden of their lifelong message in the social and political fields was distrust of the common people, derision of democracy, inculcation of popular servility, laudation of aristocratic and oligarchic government, and glorification of kings. On the whole, they fought and prayed on the side of Frederick the Great; and in the light of the war their faces are turned away from us, and over their glory there is beginning to fall a great darkness. The thought of Carlyle in particular hardens into pretty nearly the hardest type of Prussianism. The wisest course is remorsefully to anticipate the malicious hand, and to trace the corruption of the great Scotchman to its source.

It is something more than a figure of speech to call Carlyle's developed doctrine "Prussianism." Carlyle was the first great writer of English, with the possible exception of Coleridge, to be thoroughly impregnated with the history and literature and philosophy of Germany. He began his career in the 1820's by translating Goethe and writing articles on the German men of letters for the *Edinburgh* and *Fraser's Reviews*. He ended his course with a monumental history of Germany, called "History of Friedrich II." Throughout his life he was the outstanding apostle for German culture in England. In Germany, as he himself avowed, he had found his gospel and his salvation. His salvation from the rational and liberalizing thought of the eighteenth century, his salvation from the principles on which the

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American Republic was established, his salvation from the aspirations of the French Revolutionists, his salvation from the tendencies out of which modern England has developed. His lifelong effort was directed towards bringing about in England a revolution against the democratic movement.

Those who know Carlyle's origins, read "Sartor" in their youth, and know little else of his work, are likely to make wrong inferences, and to trust the apologists who represent his violently reactionary utterances as the petulance of old age. Like J. J. Rousseau, he was a passionate peasant, felt that the times were out of joint, was conscious of genius thwarted by the immobility of society. In his earlier years he called himself a speculative radical and espoused the cause of the poor, "in Heaven's name and the devil's." One might expect to find him in the popular movement of the day which was continuing the effort of the French Revolution towards establishing what the eighteenth century called "the rights of man"—the movement for universal suffrage, secret ballot, Catholic emancipation, representation in Parliament, abolition of property qualifications, emancipation of slaves, etc. His early essays seemed to have a radical twang, and radical reformers turned to him for help. He opposed every article in their programmes and ultimately thanked God when men called him a Tory.

They were seeking to give power to the people. He was seeking to give power to a king. And even in "Sartor," 1833, he had had Frederick the Great in his mind's eye as the model ruler and old Andreas Futteral as the model subject. Andreas had been drill sergeant under Frederick and preserved one fond recollection of him: "how Fritz, the only, had once with his own royal lips spoken to him, had been pleased to say, when Andreas as camp-sentinel demanded the password: *'Schweig', Hund!'* (Silence, you dog!)—*Das nenn' ich mir einen König* (That's what I call a king)." With a holy shudder, like that which some few of our countrymen have felt in Potsdam, Andreas recognized the presence of his master. That holy shudder was the sum of his politics, and the very heart of Carlyle's. The reformers referred to the rights of man or to the greatest happiness principle. Carlyle denied that men have any rights whatever, and he violently declared that they can get along perfectly well without happiness, a doctrine delightful to iron statesmen. Man's only concern should be his duty. The only being with rights is God, from whom alone, not from the people, just governments derive their authority. This sounds pious and plausible until one discovers what Carlyle means by God.

In 1837 Carlyle brought out his "French Revolution." This famous book may be said to teach three lessons: First, that Louis XVI did not know his business, and therefore deserved to die. Second, that the French parliamentary assembly was necessarily, like all such assemblies, a pack of quarrelsome and ineffective doctrinaires, anarchists, and professors of palaver. Third, that Napoleon Bonaparte knew his business, and therefore deserved to rule. How did Napoleon prove that he knew his business? Primarily by the way he disposed his artillery to sweep the streets of Paris. For Carlyle, the reappearance of God in the affairs of France was manifested by the whiff of grapeshot with which the Corsican lieutenant dispersed the enemies of the Convention. The great truth which Carlyle saw dancing in the hell-fire of the French Revolution was that God is a first-rate military man.

His next book, "Heroes and Hero-Worship," 1841, is an epitome of the world's history from the Carlylean point of view: "History is the biography of great men." The rest do not count—not even millions of them. They are only significant as instruments of the hero's purpose. The supermen—Odin, Mahomet, Cromwell, Bonaparte—they alone matter. They prove their greatness precisely by imposing their wills upon the masses. But, like the present Kaiser, Carlyle disguises his sheer will-worship by identifying the will of each of his two-fisted heroes with the will of God. How does he know that the will of Mahomet, of Cromwell, of Frederick, was the will of God? Because it worked; because it won battles. He has no other test. The moment Napoleon is defeated, Carlyle deserts him, declares him no longer God's lieutenant. When a military man makes a bad arrangement of troops, God cashiers him; God's lieutenants always strike where the line is weak; God's lieutenants always meet the enemy with a superior weight of men and metal. In this book, Carlyle's vague early idealism evaporates. His faith in an Absolute disappears. Accepting the grand Teutonic heresy, he finds the will of God coincident with the course of nature. He says grimly:

> Charlemagne's conversion of the Saxons was not by preaching. I care little about the sword; I will allow a thing to struggle for itself in this world, with any sword or tongue or implement it has, or can lay hold of. We will let it preach, and pamphleteer, and fight, and to the uttermost bestir itself, and do, beak and claws, whatsoever is in it; very sure that it will, in the long run, conquer nothing which does not deserve to be conquered. What is better than itself, it cannot put away, but only what is worse. In this great duel, Nature herself is umpire, and can do no wrong.

Here is a perfectly Teutonic justification for continuing in human society the evolutionary struggle for existence on the plane of animal ferocity with all the devilish intensifications of horror devisable by the ingenuity of man. The survivor is not morally but, as Bernhardi puts it, biologically justified. Here, all soberly premeditated, is the defence of every instrument of *Schrecklichkeit* invented by that obscene power which has made Poland a boneyard, and Servia a graveyard, and Belgium a Calvary, and has struck the red gash through France which drains the young life of the world. Here, uttered as profound moral philosophy, is the doctrine of the mad monarch who makes God his butcher and wages him with his praise.

In the same year with "Heroes," Carlyle put forth "Past and Present," a book with some stirring exhortations to labor, yet in its celebration of the Middle Ages more patently reactionary than anything that preceded it. In modern times he proclaims as the one model institution the army: "Who can despair of governments that passes a soldier's guard-house, or meets a redcoated man on the streets! . . . It is incalculable what, by arranging, commanding, and regimenting, you can make of men! These thousand straight-standing firmest individuals, who shoulder arms, who march, wheel, advance, retreat; and are, for your behoof, a magazine charged with fiery death, in the most perfect condition of potential activity: few months ago, till the persuasive sergeant came, what were they?" Carlyle holds up the army as the model institution, because it exhibits no diversities of will or desire, but works like a machine, responsive, with the instant obedience of a machine, to the will of the engineer. He holds that the salvation of society lies in the extension of military order and organization to the ranks of labor. He would give to captains of industry the same power over workingmen that captains of infantry exert

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over soldiers. He has now attained to a pretty complete vision of what real liberals call the Servile State, in which the individual quite sells out, body and soul, to the Government, retaining only, as relics and souvenirs of his moral nature, docility and obedience, virtues safeguarded with stupidity.

Some of our contemporary lovers of efficiency appear to believe that society, in peace as well as in war, can be run on a military basis—can be made to "march, wheel, advance, retreat"—without a military, that is to say, an autocratic head. Frederick the Great knew better. William II knew better. Carlyle knew better. Frederick II, William II, and Carlyle perfectly agree that to make society run like a clock you must give some one absolute power over its hands and its striking apparatus. In order that the state may move as by one common thought, one man must do all the decisive thinking; one man must be able to say in every crisis: *L'état, c'est moi!* while his subject millions docilely breed and fight. To reinforce his message on that point, Carlyle published in 1845 his "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell." The Lord Protector, Carlyle unspeakably admires, because he, like a true superman, unhesitatingly slashes through the red tape of parliamentary procedure with a sword. Cromwell, like the astute Kaiser, kept his army in the palm of his hand, and with it constituted an *imperium in imperio*. When Parliament reluctates at being his obedient jack-in-the-box, he marches into the hall at the head of his armed men and clears it out and creates a new Parliament nominated by his army. Carlyle has no apology for this elective method. On the contrary, he finds the light of God's glory most manifest on Cromwell's warty face, when the Dictator, with clanking spurs and sabre, thunders in the Parliamentary assembly: "You have been here long enough; come down, and quit your foolishness"—a method of dissolving opposition of which sending ungaggable members of the Reichstag to the guardhouse is a variation.

By the middle of the nineteenth century this champion of the common people is so infatuated with the abstract idea of government that he can find no words bitter enough to express his contempt for the governed. His "Latter Day Pamphlets," 1850, is a ferocious assault upon parliamentary procedure, one long snort of derision at the popular demand for extension of suffrage, the central political interest since the beginning of the century. "Manhood suffrage! Presently," he shrieked, "you will be demanding horsehood suffrage. Surely the doctrine of judgments by hustings has sunk now, or should be fast sinking, to the condition of obsolete with all but the commonest of human intelligences. With me, I must own, it has never had any existence. The mass of men consulted at hustings, upon any high matter whatsoever, is as ugly an exhibition of human stupidity as this world sees."

With reference to the emancipation of slaves in the British Colonies, he writes in 1853, in his violent little tract called "The Nigger Question": "Our beautiful black darlings are at last happy; with little labor except to the teeth, which, surely, in those excellent horse-jaws of theirs will not fail!" And of those who procured the emancipation, he cries: "Sunk in deep froth-oceans of 'Benevolence,' 'Fraternity,' 'Emancipation-principle,' 'Christian-Philanthropy,' and other most amiable-looking, but most baseless, and in the end baleful and all-bewildering jargon—a sad product of a skeptical Eighteenth Century, and of poor human hearts left desolate of any earnest guidance."

In 1863, he thus summarizes the American Civil War as "Ilias Americana in Nuce":

> *Peter of the North* (to Paul of the South): "Paul, you unaccountable scoundrel, I find you hire your servants for life, not by the month or year, as I do. You are going straight to Hell—you——"
>
> *Paul:* "Good words, Peter; the risk is my own. I am willing to take the risk. Hire your servants by the month or day, and get straight to Heaven—leave me to my own method."
>
> *Peter:* "No, I won't. I will beat your brains out first."

Carlyle, it is needless to say, sympathizes with the South; he is for life-contracts with laboring men. He asserts that serfdom is divinely foreordained. "Essentially," he says in 1867, "essentially the Nigger Question was one of the smallest. One always rather likes the Nigger: evidently a poor blockhead with good dispositions, with affections, attachments—with a turn for Nigger melodies, and the like. The Almighty Maker has appointed him to be a servant. . . . Servantship on the nomadic principle cannot be other than misdone—impossible except for brief periods." There is the indecently "pious" theory, there is the atrociously arrogant temper, there is the intolerable egotism which has supported the German "supermen" in their enslavement of the small white nations on their borders—a spectacle unsurpassed for deliberate brutality since the handless hordes of Gaul tasted the far-famed clemency of Cæsar's sword.

How explain these vitriolic little pamphlets which Carlyle tossed into the liberal English mid-nineteenth century? Well, from 1858 to 1865 he was publishing his *magnum opus*, his life of Frederick the Great. In his intense imaginative way he was living with the founders of Prussia, and his association with those iron-fisted, brazen-hearted savages had completely corrupted and depraved him, destroyed the last shreds of his sense for human values. He who still desires a reason for hating Prussianism with all his might should read now in the light of the war Carlyle's shameless glorification of Prussianism's canonized forefathers, noting the curious barbaric pleasure that he displays in exhibiting the immitigable coarseness and harshness of the imperial race, as if his Victorian readers in a sudden revulsion from their own civility might fall in love with these heroic traits and be saved.

We all recall with horror how the Kaiser's bandits in Belgium gathered up the civilians and shot them at the wall, and how, to increase the moral effect, they forced the women and children to witness the murder of their husbands and fathers. In that performance the German soldiers ran true to the form set them by the efficient sovereign and administrator Frederick William I, father of Frederick the Great. Let me recall to mind an incident reverently recited by Carlyle. Frederick William educated his heir under a discipline so rough and inflexible that the Crown Prince in desperation tried with the help of two lieutenants, his bosom friends, to run away to England. The King overtook his son and Lieutenant Katte, threw them into prison, and tried them by court-martial as deserters. The court-martial, composed of some hardened veterans, sentenced Katte to imprisonment in a fortress for life. In a towering rage at this leniency, the King commuted the sentence to immediate execution. To heighten the moral effect he ordered that the execution should take place under the windows of the room in which his son was incarcerated. He also daily threatened to execute his son, kept him on bread and water in solitary confinement, and was only prevented from run-

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ning him through with his sword by the interposition of the bystanders. On one occasion the Prince's sister came between the dragon and his son. The King, black in the face, foaming at the mouth, struck her down with repeated blows of his doubled fists. To smooth the incident over, he issued an edict that if any one talked of his family affairs, his tongue should be cut out. Such were the domestic graces of one of Europe's great administrators. There was no nonsense about Frederick—none of that bland eighteenth-century benevolence which made Franklin so inefficient.

As Crown Prince, Frederick was rather smitten by than with the beauties of Prussian domestic discipline. The moment that his father died, however, the Prince approved his education by applying this domestic discipline to the whole of Prussia. As soon as his father died, Frederick became God's lieutenant. He had much less religion in him than Voltaire. He was a man of coarser fibre than Napoleon. But he knew, he had learned of his father, how to exact obedience. He was a first-class national drill-sergeant. His ideal of society was the army. His Cabinet was his General Staff in boots. When he had adequately drilled and regimented his subjects, he violated the solemn covenant that he had made with the other sovereigns of Europe, marched into Silesia, and stole it from the Austrian lady whom he had promised to protect. Now, Carlyle declares that whether Frederick had or had not any legal claim to Silesia when he invaded it is a matter of entire indifference, indeed, is worse than that—a matter of deadly boredom to discuss. Carlyle is a realistic politician. He holds, like the Prussian doctors of our own day, that a man with a good army has a right to anything that he can get and keep. As Frederick had an extraordinarily good army, his rights grew with each day's march. Since he held fast to what he got, it is obvious that God was on his side. He introduced Prussian order wherever he went, as the Germans have done in Belgium, with fire and sword. He soon had his subject peoples breeding and fighting earnestly to keep his foot on their necks. No combination of his foes could blast him out of the territory where he had intrenched himself. The one true soul, sobs the infatuated Scotch king-worshipper, in all that barren eighteenth century!

What is the use of burning "Immensee" and "Hermann und Dorothea" while Prussianism streams into our Anglo-Saxon communities through the forty volumes of Carlyle?

Two Poems

By LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

Spring

COOL twilight slips across the fragrant fields.
Each tall grass to the breath of evening yields.
We linger, breathless and oppressed with wondering—
Within the aching silence lurks the Spring.

September

GOD'S Garden, in September state,
Flings up its splendor to the days that wait
Till each fine bloom of purple and of gold
Has yielded all the joy the days can hold.
And then September days slip soft away,
To hoard the treasure till the first Spring day.

Coal and the War

By ERNEST BREHAUT

THE essential fact of modern civilization on its material side is that it is a power civilization. The chief source of power is coal, in comparison with which other power resources are at present of minor importance and will probably for some time so continue. Iron, while an essential, is merely a container for coal energy and a tool by means of which it is exerted. Coal may therefore be regarded as the dynamic factor in modern material civilization.

This force, first available in a slight degree about a century and a half ago, has now largely displaced human labor as a mechanical agent. Although we do not yet obtain on the average as much as ten per cent. of the potential energy of coal, nevertheless even on this basis a ton of coal, costing, say, $5, can be made to produce in an efficient steam engine as much power as two laborers working for nearly a year. While the comparison is crude, it gives an idea of the way in which coal power impinges on human society. The United States, producing in 1917 600,000,000 tons of coal, has herein a source of energy more than equal to that of all the laborers on earth put together. If we remember that the United States, Great Britain, and Germany are, comparatively speaking, the only great coal-mining countries, we grasp a large part of the secret of their industrial preëminence.

For every task on which it can conveniently be employed coal has a monopoly based on efficiency. It can reach out, carry the raw material to the coal field, and take the product back to the place of origin, all at a cost so low that the local worker cannot possibly compete. During the last twenty-five years especially the coal fields of the United States and of Europe have drawn many industries from the farms and households and villages, concentrating them on or comparatively near the coal fields.

In fact, no material influence more subversive than that of coal has ever affected social structure or regional relations. As coal power is harnessed to task after task, the worker is progressively dislodged, even in the industrial centres. The constant shift from hand work to mechanical production brings about a state of continual disequilibrium in the social structure, relatively depressing the workers and elevating the managers and directors of the new force. The social problem involved is somewhat analogous to that of the "poor white" before our Civil War in the face of slave competition. Coal power is the equivalent of a slave population of unexampled efficiency.

Changes in regional relations are equally revolutionary. The coal-mining regions, formerly barren and sparsely populated, now become the dynamic centres of society, attracting great populations, whose numbers are far from representing the full industrial power of the regions. On the other side, agricultural and raw-material districts are thrown back entirely on their specialties, and a widespread exchange of goods sets in. Regional specialization, regional interdependence, and inter-regional circulation of goods—all are products of coal power, and being new territorial phenomena, they may be expected to disturb the old territorial equilibrium of states which pre-industrial forces had established.

A further outcome of coal power should be noted. In a

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region without modern transportation the weakest resource limits the population. Given such transportation, it is the strongest resource that is the limiting factor. Coal power thus enables world development to go on as determined by the strongest resource of each locality, not the weakest. Thus a larger population, or one at a higher economic level, can be maintained on a given area—a consideration which largely explains the tremendous increase in population and wealth of the civilized world in the last century. Wealth and population are thus the hostages for the perpetuation of the new economic system.

As compared, then, with the period of the Napoleonic wars, the last great comparative testing of the European Powers, an altogether new set of forces has appeared, that is now in the act of completely making over society, laying down population under new conditions and on larger lines, and creating entirely new strategic centres. Coal has depressed the workers by comparison with the employers, and has strengthened the coal-mining states, thus relatively weakening the others. Each of these disturbances, in default of adjustment, threatened eventual violence. Many observers expected class war before state war. The latter, however, came first.

To any one studying these forces and the conditions that formed the background of the European outbreak, the political experience of the United States is instructive. Here a continental political machinery prepared the way for a continental economic unity. Before the new epoch began, an aggressive body of leaders founded a continental state on the basis of community of language, character, and tradition. In its development political separatism or States' rights and what may be called continentalism were at first the chief opposing factors, and their interaction could not be contained within political limits, but culminated in the Civil War. It is noteworthy that as the sentiment of continental unity grew the States' rights spirit grew at the same time, just as the nationalistic spirit in Europe has grown in the face of increasing economic intercourse.

If the Civil War gave the final blow to political separatism in the United States, it was the continental economic development following later that guaranteed that separatism would not be revived. This development has produced an economic unity that consists of regional specialization and regional interdependence on a continental scale. Swarms of manufacturing cities on or near the coal fields, huge commercial centres, established arteries of transportation, and a widespread circulation of goods to every individual are evidences of this unity. This organism which grew in conformity with the economic resources of the continent needs no defence. Its superior wealth-producing and population-sustaining capacity make it inevitable. The people of the United States have to meet the minor political problems of modern industrialism, but they do not have to meet the major one of creating an arena for it.

On the other side of the Atlantic the European continent entered the new epoch under different auspices. The states into which it was divided represented, naturally, pre-industrial forces, and they were traditionally antagonistic to one another. Variation in language, religion, character, and traditions made mutual understanding difficult. The only germ of continental political action was embodied in the phrase "balance of power," a reactionary principle. Political separatism, which was in process of being suppressed in the United States, was dominant in Europe.

The same conditions which have made the United States an area of intense economic intercourse, however, exist also on the continent of Europe. The coal-mining district in northwestern Europe, reaching in a belt from the west coast of Great Britain to the east of the Rhine, corresponds to a similar area in the northeast of the United States, and with some adjoining territory constitutes industrial Europe. The other regions, especially Russia, which corresponds to our agricultural West, are important as providers of food and raw material. In Europe, as in the United States, the coal fields have become the centres of industrial activity, drawing irresistibly to themselves huge populations and destroying local industries elsewhere. Here also great commercial cities have been built up and continental arteries of transportation opened. Here, too, the agricultural districts have felt the loss of much of their local industrial activity as well as the pinch of a wider competition. But to all that led towards economic unity and regional interdependence the European states offered vigorous and effective resistance.

This resistance to modern economic influences should not be regarded, however, as a resistance based on an understanding of tendencies. A new complex of forces, the real direction and effective weight of which were not generally understood, had been added to the series of complexes which constituted the pre-modern European situation. The old complexes had given rise to loyalties and antagonisms in the popular mind; the new complex had not. It had no representative among the popular emotions. The disturbance and excitement it occasioned were apt to traverse the old emotional channels in seeking an outlet. The modern economic influences then to all outward appearance produced merely an intensification of ancient particularism in the European countries.

It is thus that the "nationalism" of the last forty years is to be understood. At first the antagonism of the modern influences to the political separatism of the European continent was not realized, and in fact these influences in the early days were welcomed without suspicion. The new railway transportation, especially, was welcomed as completing national unity. Soon after 1870 a change came, and thereafter the national economy struggled against the continental economy and instinctively strove to avoid being overwhelmed. The new forces were so powerful and developed so rapidly that there was general alarm, continually greater resistance, and greater preparation for emergencies. Hence the high tariffs with which the European states strove to push back the continental economy; the conscript armies, the huge navies, the national and strategic railway systems, and, above all, the efficient competitive state.

These manifestations of particularism were all extremely formidable. But they were to a large extent merely the signs of the breaking strain placed upon the old balance of power system by the new economic influences. These latter influences are the most powerful of the kind that have ever affected human society. Even when working blindly in particularistic Europe they gradually "built up an interlocking, internationally coöperative machine of trade, industry, and transportation." They now violently demand political recognition, perhaps even a political organization. The national economy as an economy in the face of these influences is marked for ultimate destruction, and the new status to have any soundness must not be out of harmony with the new conditions.

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Oriental Portraits

I. Lieutenant-General Kikuzo Otani

IN Japan's modern military history, one may draw a line of demarcation, almost as clear as that dividing Walloons and Flemings in Belgium, between commanders of the old intellectual culture and those of the new. Bushido is gradually giving way to Nippondo—the insular to the cosmopolitan. It is true that the soldiers of 1877, when the new peasant or conscript army met the samurai of Satsuma, or of 1894, when China was humbled, or of 1904, when the Russian bear was lamed, had been trained under French or German officers at home or had visited or studied in Europe. Nogi, Oyama, Nodzu, Kodama, Oki, Oku, Hiroki, and others in high command were born in pre-Perry days, or were fairly mature lads at the Restoration in 1867. The first truly national, not feudal, army recruited from all classes and sections was created in 1871. Not until General Kamio in 1914 captured Tsing-tao, ending the Kaiser's dream of overawing Japan from China, did officers who began their careers two decades after Perry become conspicuous. The comrade of Kamio, Otani, is the ranking officer leading the Allies in Siberia.

Perhaps no finer specimen of Japan's modern soldier has yet been produced than Kikuzo Otani. In the older type of samurai arms and letters were combined; in the newer product, Oriental and Occidental cultures blend. Otani was fortunate in his birthplace, which was in Fukui, on the west coast. "Benvenuto" might have been his name, for his father was made happy in welcoming his seventh son. He gave his baby boy an appellation of good omen, sure that when grown he would add honor to the name of Otani (Great Vale). In this expectation he was not disappointed. Fukui was a hotbed of the Oyoméi, or intuitional philosophy, which calls for the best of unselfish heroism. Oyoméism was in its outcome a school of heroes and in its working a colossal stride towards democracy. It was this intellectual culture that disciplined and enriched the men who finally made the New Japan. In 1867 their opportunity came. They restored the Mikado to power. In 1871 they drove their action to its logical conclusion, abolished feudalism, and created a national conscript army—another stride towards essential democracy. If their action of '67 was on skis, that of '71 was with seven-leagued boots. Of course, they needed a justifying pretext. While their action unified the nation, they exalted Mikadoism almost to the relative dignity of an Athanasian creed of social and political orthodoxy.

Thus the young soldiers, like Otani, had a double advantage over those of earlier years. To their former native inheritances, through Bushido, they could add the larger horizons and even nobler intellectual disciplines selected from the whole world. Heirs of the "Cycle of Cathay," to them also came the bequest of "fifty years of Europe." The Japanese renaissance came in the age of steam, electricity, and the physical forces unknown to the ancients. Commodore Perry's miniature industrial exhibition on the strand of Yokohama, in 1854, was a prophetic object-lesson to eager pupils.

Otani, reared in a tense new atmosphere, was an eager lad of fifteen when an American teacher arrived in Fukui and began instructing him. At the first opportunity, on reaching military age in 1878, he chose a soldier's career. To provide competent officers for the suddenly created national army was no easy matter. Otani and his comrade Kamio entered a military school for non-commissioned officers. Each received the commission of sub-lieutenant in 1879. Both have since attained the rank of lieutenant-general.

In the personal appearance of both Otani and the future conqueror of Tsing-tao, the Aryan strain of tint and feature, so marked in the upper grades of the Japanese composite, prevailed. Both might have been taken for young Italians, though Kamio was fairer of complexion. Otani is of slender figure, with long oval face, and wears a moustache. In 1918 Otani may look grizzled, after being sunburnt in many campaigns.

At first, Japanese uniforms, tactics, equipment, and strategy were French, for a military commission from France had come out in 1871. All these were abandoned for the German when General Jacob Meckel, of von Moltke's staff, became chief lecturer and instructor. After the war with China, foreigners were no longer employed, and the plan of sending native officers to Europe was adopted. From the time of the Russian War, Japan's methods have been her own.

Otani proved his energy in the transport service, by which a perfectly equipped army was, with scarcely a hitch of any sort, thrown first into Korea and then into Manchuria. When in 1895 Germany, Russia, and France, the protector of the Catholic Church in China, joined forces to wrest from the island empire the fruits of her victory, Japan had to await quietly the advance of the Muscovite bureaucrats, which would reduce the Sea of Japan to a Russian lake and close the avenues of trade and land access to Europe. At once, her people prepared to grapple with the Russian Bear. In this work of faith and science, Otani was among the leaders, and, like Togo, foresaw every detail. In Manchuria in 1904 and 1905, at the battles of Liao-yang and Mukden, he led a division. When Germany, humbling China and outraging her sovereignty, rose as the next spectre, Japan promptly obeyed the call of Great Britain, her ally. Otani, with his old comrade Kamio, took part in expelling the Germans from China and the Pacific. He has since been in command of the garrison of Tsing-tao, till summoned to the delicate task before him in Siberia.

EOTHEN

Foreign Correspondence

I. A Quaker Socialist Movement

London, August 7

IN popular opinion, "respectability" has come to be considered one of the main characteristics of the Society of Friends. Its best-known representatives have been prosperous business men, keenly interested, no doubt, in civic affairs, and generous supporters of many philanthropic enterprises, but showing few traces of kinship to that turbulent person, George Fox. Except for their opposition to war, the Quakers have for generations been supposed to be settled down in the normal attitude of the well-to-do British middle classes towards the economic and industrial problems of the day. They have seemed to be untouched by any revolutionary ferment, and are about the last people to whom one would naturally look for any impulse that was likely to turn the established social order upside down.

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But the unexpected has happened. Of all the reconstruction proposals thus far made public, none embodies more drastic changes than those put forward by an influential group among the Friends. While the most advanced reformers within the other British churches have been content to occupy themselves with plans for repairing the social edifice, this group has boldly maintained that the first essential must be the digging of new foundations. The movement in this direction began early in the war. The conviction laid hold of many of the Friends—especially the younger members—that the causes of so appalling a conflict were to be found in something more fundamental than the political complications on which most writers and speakers were concentrating their attention. For a complete diagnosis of the world's disease, one must probe more deeply. The seat of the mischief was not, after all, any diplomatic intrigues or territorial ambitions. These were only symptoms. What was wrong was not international relationships merely, but the social order itself. "Out of our civilization the war came," says a leading spokesman of this group, "and we must seek for its roots in that quiet and peaceful life which we now remember as so far away."

The war has, in fact, served as a challenge to these Friends to examine where they stand with regard to the relations not only between nation and nation, but between man and man. How could they, with any consistency, demand the application of the principles of the Sermon on the Mount to international relationships and at the same time ignore their application to social and industrial relationships also? If the test is valid in the one case, it is surely none the less pertinent in the other. Once this disquieting conclusion is admitted, it involves—as these Friends frankly recognize—a thorough overhauling of the commonly accepted mode and standard of living, which may have to be entirely remodelled if the demand of sincerity is to be satisfied.

It was such compunctions as these that led to the appointment by the Society of Friends of a "War and Social Order Committee," which has been engaged in a searching investigation of the whole problem. It has held several conferences, the reports of which have been published under the various titles "Whence Come Wars?" "Facing the Facts," and "The Next Step in Social and Industrial Reconstruction." The movement has also found literary expression in Maurice Rowntree's textbook, "Coöperation or Chaos," and in the monthly issues of the *Ploughshare*, which describes itself as "a Quaker organ of social reconstruction."

The sobriety and cool-headedness of the Quaker temperament have been conspicuous in the proceedings of these conferences. There has been no attempt to rush things under the impulse of a reckless enthusiasm. As one of the speakers said:

> We are going to settle down to hard thinking, to organized research, to an endeavor to find out exactly what is the nature of our business system, and how far it has enabled us to express our ideal. We shall come to it from various points of view, and we must study it to get its full significance, and then we must devote the whole energies of our Society to making definite helpful contributions to the future reorganization of this great industrial system, which, though it works so cruelly and hardly to-day, is one of the most wonderful things in the whole range of human history.

The members of these conferences have accordingly assembled, not as partisans pledged to cut-and-dried programmes, but, to use a hackneyed phrase, as "seekers after truth." In this spirit of scientific inquiry into the facts, they have been eager to obtain relevant information from all quarters. For instance, Robert Smillie, the president of the Miners' Federation, was invited to address them one day on "Industrial Unrest: its Meaning and Modes of Expression," and to answer questions on points raised in his speech.

Yet the work of this War and Social Order Committee, while scientific in character and unbiassed, as far as is possible, by any prejudices of economic theory, differs in one important respect from such investigations as might be carried out, let us say, in the preparation of an academic thesis or of a paper for the British Association. As noted in the passage just quoted, the nature of the existing commercial system is to be examined not only in itself, but in its relation to the Quaker ideal. Now the Quaker ideal of life is not confined to a demand for simple living and business integrity. It includes the requirement "that every one born into this world should have full opportunity to develop his personality so that the Divine spirit which is in each man may find utterance through him." It involves brotherhood and service:

> If these words mean anything at all, they mean that a man's needs are to be met because he is a man and a brother and in need, and not because he happens to have enough money to pay; that a man is to work not in order that he may live, but from a superb incentive within him to do his best, because in his work he is employed in serving the needs of others.

Obviously this implies a tremendous advance upon the old doctrine of "the stewardship of wealth," which has hitherto held the field as the determining principle for the Christian business man.

It is clear, too, that no readjustments in the mechanism of the present industrial system will suffice to translate such an ideal into reality. As a speaker at one of the conferences pungently remarked, every audience divides itself into two classes, those who prefer new clothes and those who prefer patched ones; and, generally speaking, those who prefer patched clothes are those who think with their feelings, and those who want new clothes are those who think with their brains. Housing reform, profit-sharing, increase of wages, are excellent as far as they go, but they will not satisfy the demands of the ideal propounded above. Much more will be needed for the establishment of the order demanded by Robert O. Mennell:

> A social order based upon the Christian principle that the needs of men afford an opportunity for service and not for profit; a social order in which the advantage and uplifting of humanity as a whole shall be the one incentive, and from which all thought of private gain at the expense of others shall be absent; a social order in which ultimately all necessaries of life shall be free to all, and the surplus above the community requirements distributed equally to all.

While the inquiries of the War and Social Order Committee have not yet resulted in the compilation of anything so dogmatic as a new economic creed, they have revealed certain definite tendencies of opinion. Stress is laid on the necessity that every capable adult citizen should be a producer, in the widest sense of the term, and, as such, both qualified and free to take an effective share in directing his own labors. This will mean a progressive devolution of responsibility upon every grade of employee, and wide opportunity for those who show special qualifications to occupy the higher positions. At the same time, the corporate or-

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ganization of consumers must be maintained for the purpose of adjusting the relations between producers and consumers, and between different sets of producers, and insuring production for use and not for profit. It is further recommended that reformers should work "strenuously and fearlessly" towards a social state in which all property, with the exception of such things as are necessary for personal and household use, should be owned communally. Considerable favor has also been shown to a scheme for a "State Bonus for All," which, it is believed, by the relief it would give from the fear of economic disaster, would in the majority of cases result in a better average level of service.

These are not merely benevolent aspirations. The group of Friends who have put them forward are in dead earnest and are ready to take risks. Various practical experiments are already on foot. One of them is a scheme for a coöperative city, occupying a suitable site of about 3,000 acres, and controlled by a company with a capital of about $1,250,000. On the town-planning side this will, of course, be a "garden city"—half of the total area, by the way, is to be devoted to agriculture—but its most novel feature will be the regulation of all its industries and manufactures according to the principles of the Quaker ideal as outlined above. It will not, however, by any means be an exclusively Quaker settlement. Members of other churches—the Dean of Worcester, for example—are already among the backers of the scheme. But it is from the new impulse now stirring the Friends that this plan draws its inspiration, and from the same source we shall probably hear before long of other ventures which, whether they succeed or fail, will be landmarks in our social history.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

II. Honoring the Great Pensionary

The Hague, June 26

AN interesting ceremony recently took place at The Hague: On "De Plaats," where Johan de Witt and his brother Cornelis were murdered by the mob in the year 1672, a statue of the great Pensionary was unveiled on Wednesday, June 12. That the famous republican statesman should thus be honored on the very spot which was the scene of his death was not, indeed, what caused the chief sensation of the day; by murdering de Witt, the mob of 1672 had already raised its victim to a pedestal. Of greater interest was Queen Wilhelmina's presence at the unveiling. That the head of the House of Orange should take public part in the homage done to the man in whom the anti-Orangists of the seventeenth century had seen the embodiment of their policy, was an event to stir the imagination of all who have trained themselves to see the present reflected in the mirror of the past.

To Johan de Witt the prerogatives of the province of Holland had always been dearer than the Republic of the United Provinces—or, to do him justice, the welfare of the provinces seemed to him to depend on their absolute freedom to manage their own internal affairs. Instead of a United States of the Netherlands, his party desired complete self-rule for each separate province and, within the province, a similar exemption from external control for each town and community. Individualism, so dear to the Dutch mind, was made by de Witt the fundamental principle of his state organization, and as long as fortune favored his policy, the nation did not regret a rule in which there was no place for the Prince of Orange. The latter, as Stadtholder of several provinces and as Lieutenant-General and Admiral of the Union, might by this combination of functions have organized a centralized system of administration which would endanger the particular interests of each separate province. That was the reason why de Witt took good care to exclude the young Prince William from all the high offices which his father and grandfather had held. What unity there was in de Witt's time evolved from the ascendency of the province of Holland over the six sister states, and de Witt, as the most powerful man in the most powerful province, had in his own person centralized the management of the Republic's foreign affairs. Thanks to his genius, the seven small states which, internally, could scarcely be called a confederacy, acquired an international position of the first order. This leadership of Holland, however, had its dangers. Enriched by commerce and navigation, hauling in the treasures of other continents, Holland was preeminently concerned for the maintenance of her sea-power, and de Witt, though a master in the methods of statecraft, was misled by the particular interests of Holland into overlooking the greater for the lesser danger. As Pensionary of Holland he saw the chief enemy in Great Britain, whose naval ambitions were becoming a menace to Holland's sea-power, but as leader of the Republic's foreign policy he failed to see the far greater danger with which Louis XIV's imperialism threatened the very existence of the United Netherlands. A strong, efficient fleet and a neglected army were the natural results of this mistaken policy. De Witt cannot have been blind to the danger of a weakened land force, but he seems to have trusted that his statecraft would be able to avert a war on land. He did, indeed, keep the ambitions of Louis XIV in check for a time, but the ingenious construction of his diplomatic intrigue succumbed like a house of cards when, in 1672, the French King succeeded in forming an anti-Dutch coalition of France, England, Munster, and Cologne. Attacked from three sides, the Republic seemed lost. In its despair the people turned against the man whom it held responsible for the disaster. And, as it had done in the days of the Spanish War, as it would do again in the less glorious years of 1747 and 1813, it looked towards the Prince of Orange for help. The common danger found in unity salvation, and found that unity embodied in the Stadtholder and Lieutenant-General of the confederate army.

Thus the two personalities of de Witt and Prince William III stand out in history as the incarnate principles of extreme particularism and centralized confederacy. No Dutchman of to-day would wish for a return to de Witt's political organization. The Stadtholder William III, the uncrowned King of the old Republic, stood for a better state organization, which in 1815 became constitutionally established. Queen Wilhelmina's presence at the recent ceremony seemed an assertion of that national unity, which, above the fear of a relapse into the errors of the party politician, can safely do homage to the greatness of the man.

The tragedy of de Witt's life was not in the ingratitude of the people, but in this great man's gifts to a lost cause. Freedom as he conceived it was a survival of the Middle Ages, when each town was proud of its privileges, and history was a record of inter-communal warfare. The seventeenth century, indeed, had made an advance towards a larger unity: the rivalry of provinces had superseded the

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petty jealousy of towns and cities. The establishment in 1815 of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, superseding in its turn the independence of the seven United Provinces, was the result of a natural process by which the lesser interest is fused in the greater. And even the monarchy seems not the final phase in this process of amalgamation. The Dutchman's inborn love of freedom, which made de Witt oppose the irrepressible tendency towards centralization, is again put to the test. The Pensionary tried to preserve provincial liberty from absorption by forces astir within the national sphere. In these mightier days it is the liberty of the kingdom sprung from that contest which seems doomed in its turn to become absorbed in a still larger, international unity to evolve from the present welter. Will that be the League of Nations as foreshadowed by Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Wilson or a Prussianized *Mitteleuropa* à la Naumann? If the Hollanders themselves could choose, an overwhelming majority would vote for the former. They know that Johan de Witt's ideal of individual liberty, which is still as dear to them as it was to their ancestors of the seventeenth century, is more akin to the Anglo-Saxon conception of democracy than to the German worship of the state.

A. J. BARNOUW

In the Driftway

"AL" SMITH'S overwhelming success in the New York Democratic primary is tempting many men who have sworn never to vote for a Tammany man to violate their self-imposed oaths. For, without question, "Al"—as every one calls him—is an engaging personality. After the low level to which New York has sunk in her Governors, there would be something extremely attractive in a Chief Executive who is both absolutely honest and absolutely truthful, and who, in addition, wears his hat on one side of his head and a cigar, properly up-tilted, in one corner of his mouth. Mr. Smith has a curiously effective habit, too, of being just what he is, namely, a simple product of the lower East Side of New York city, where he lives in a plain red-brick house under the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge in one of the quaintest streets that has survived from old New York. Next, Mr. Smith is earnestly and sincerely grateful for the opportunity our democracy has given him to rise to the high position he has held. Personally there is no comparison between him and his rival, Governor Whitman; but the changes will be rung so vigorously on Smith's affiliation with "Boss" Murphy and "The Hall" that the election will hardly be decided upon the merits of the two men. There has never been much to choose between their two machines.

* * * * *

The spectacle of a naval officer snatching a book out of the hands of a young girl in a New York subway express last week and denouncing her for unpatriotically reading pro-German literature naturally caused a sensation. The crowd which gazed upon the traitorous criminal could only hear this "sailor and gentleman" declare, as he captured the offensive volume, that "there is too much reading of pro-German literature," and order the brazen offender to report in a couple of hours at a certain room in the Custom House. The crowd let her escape uninjured, but naturally had its opinion of this vile German agent, whose extreme confusion at her discovery was obvious. They could not know, of course, that when she appeared in less than an hour she came escorted by a newspaper reporter, who demanded to know why his fellow-employee had been publicly insulted for reading—Lichnowsky's "Revelations," which this Government is circulating by the tens of thousands of copies! An abject apology was given, of course—but what did it avail? And this representative of the Naval Intelligence Bureau, who had never heard of Lichnowsky, continues to safeguard our liberties and prevent the poisoning of our minds.

* * * * *

The latest clerical notoriety seeker to achieve "applause in church" is a certain Rev. Mark A. Matthews, of Seattle, and the scene of his unworthy performance is the staid Fifth Avenue Church. Mr. Matthews won cheers as well as applause by demanding the banishment of the Kaiser and the court-martialling and killing of every German commander of a U-boat or a body of troops who has done a wrongful act. More than that, "every officer in command of a division or corps who had authority to order or to *prevent* the outrages must be court-martialled and shot." Why stop to court-martial? Why not kill them all promptly—in the name of the forgotten idealist who said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"? But even that is not enough for this pulpit blood-letter. Mr. Matthews wishes to court-martial and shoot "any merchant or any person, a citizen of this Government or of any allied Government, who buys an article made in Germany for the next hundred years." During this time Germany "shall remain in isolation, in sackcloth and ashes, cut off from the commercial confidence of the world." Of course, groundlings will applaud this sort of thing as they applaud the clergyman-speculator, Newell Dwight Hillis. But the decent clergy of New York are hanging their heads, knowing that this sort of demagoguery is a deadly blow to the Church.

* * * * *

In Washington these dog-days one wonders what the effect on Federal legislation would have been if the Capitol were located in a better climate. When the parboiling humidity rolls up from the Potomac and envelops the city, brains liquefy and the will weakens to sheer inanition. No wonder questions of great national importance seem to be settled after the manner of Judge Bridlegoose with his cases at law. There is already a well-established tradition that climatic conditions and a swarm of stable flies cut short debate on the Declaration of Independence. Here is a good suggestion for some of the patient research workers in our universities. Let them examine the whole course of the Congress and the Supreme Court in the light of the humidity and temperature records of the District of Columbia, and note the coincidence of particularly inept legislation with a high state of mugginess prevailing at the time. We can think offhand of a number of laws that seem on their face to have been worked out on what Artemus Ward called "a very sweaty day." This would be an interesting and unusual subject for a Doctor's or Master's thesis. We might also have a similar survey of these matters in relation to efficiency in the departments and to such phenomena as are recorded by Mark Twain in his History of the Great Beef Contract. All this might not have much practical bearing on the conduct of the Government, but it would greatly assist the historian in taking as charitable a view as possible of some of its major aberrations.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

A Public Service

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a subscriber and reader of the *Nation* for forty years, may I offer you my hearty congratulations on your proposed "International Relations Section"? It is one of the most practical steps in the direction of Reconstruction so far suggested. The *Nation* has done a great service in the past in creating sound public opinion. I feel sure that in this new scheme of education it will earn the continued gratitude of its readers and of the country.

BOYD VINCENT

Bishop's House, Cincinnati, September 3

Paltering with Words

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Senator Lodge speaks of "restoring Belgium." So do some high authorities in Germany. It is evident that the words are here used in quite different senses. The German speakers mean that Belgium should be set free, restored to independence. Senator Lodge means that Belgium should be made what it was before the war, so far as money can do it.

Every self-respecting citizen of the countries fighting Germany should accept Senator Lodge's interpretation. The money to make Belgium what it was before the war—alas, how little money can do to that end—should be paid in full, and by whom except Germany?

At the earliest possible moment the Allied Powers and the United States should appoint a commission of experts, representing all Powers, of course especially Belgium, to make a thorough investigation and report what sum of money the restoration will require. It should then be understood as the first condition of peace that every cent of that sum should be paid by Germany, if it starves every German man, woman, and child to do it.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

Wellesley Hills, Mass., August 29

Burns on War

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We have no Burns to record our indignation at the present rulers of some of the Central Powers, especially at one; but from the following it is not hard to surmise how the great Scottish champion of individual liberty and human fellowship would have felt and acted. On June 25, 1793, Burns wrote to a certain Thompson: "Have you ever, my dear sir, felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation on reading, or seeing how these mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay Nations waste, out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day, I recalled the air of 'Logan Water,' and it occurred to me that its querulous melody probably had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling, suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some Public Destroyer, and overwhelmed with private distress, the consequences of a country's ruin."

The fourth and last verse of the song is as follows:

> "O, wae upon you, Men o' State,
> That brethren rouse in deadly hate!
> As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
> Sae may it on your heads return!
> Ye mindna 'mid your cruel joys
> The widow's tears, the orphan's cries;
> But soon may peace bring happy days,
> And Willie hame to Logan braes!"

LAURENCE M. CROSBIE

Exeter, N. H., August 19

Ireland and the Union

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of Mr. Whery, in a recent number of the *Nation*, entitled "Irish Definitions," is an example of how constantly the American public is misled and deceived on the Irish Question. Mr. Whery attempts to show that three words, "The Union," "Ulster," "Dublin Castle," are in every-day use "to camouflage the truth," and then he proceeds to do this very thing for your readers by his own definitions. Any earnest student of modern history would instantly protest against the definitions as misleading or untrue.

The following statement, for example, will not bear the light of scholarly examination: "It is not generally known there has never been any organic union between Great Britain and Ireland. Ireland does not form an integral part of the United Kingdom, nor has she equal rights and privileges with the other island." The Act of Union, passed in 1800, is just as binding on the people of Ireland as the Constitution of the United States is binding on the people of New York. It was ratified in 1800 with the hearty support of the Roman Catholic hierarchy and clergy of Ireland. The Roman Catholics at that time enjoyed the voting franchise on exactly the same terms as Protestants, and great Roman Catholic strongholds like Galway, Limerick, Kilkenny, and Cork, which are now seething with anti-conscription, Sinn Fein treason, and rebellion, supported it through their representatives in the Irish House of Commons. When these voters, as a result of the Union, came in 1801 to elect their representatives to the British House of Commons, they elected from these divisions the very same members who had represented them in the Irish House of Commons. What more complete proof of organic union can be asked than this?

Since then, for more than a century, there has existed far more organic union between Ireland and Great Britain than has ever existed between the United States and Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Philippines. Ireland has two and one-half times the representation in the British House of Commons that she would have in Congress if she were a State of this Union. Onerous taxation and conscription for military service are enforced on our own overseas dependencies by a legislative body in which they have never had a representative vote. The fact that the financial support of the common schools of Ireland comes entirely from the exchequer of the United Kingdom is abundant proof of organic union. No money is raised in Ireland by local taxation for the expenses of the public schools, as is the case in England, Scotland, Canada, Australia, and the United States. In this country the Roman Catholic, besides paying his local tax for the support of public schools, often pays large sums for the support of parochial schools. In Ireland it is quite different. The workingman in Ireland, whether Protestant or Catholic, with an annual income of less than $800, if he does not drink alcoholic liquors or use tobacco, pays practically nothing for the education of his children in the common schools.

Second, Mr. Whery's definition of Ulster as merely "the Three Tailors of Tooley Street" is absurdly erroneous. Ulster comprises about one-third of the whole population of Ireland. Of the Irish soldiers in the present war, more than 60 per cent. have come from Ulster. Ulster pays more than half the income tax paid in Ireland and two-thirds of the customs duties collected at the Irish seaports. Its record for illiteracy is far lower than that of the south and west of Ireland, the stronghold of Sinn Feinism and disloyalty. It is more populous than was any State of this Union in 1860 or than any one of three-fifths of them at the present time. New England to-day has no State as large in population as Ulster, except Massachusetts. About two-thirds of the people of Ulster are Unionists and oppose Home Rule, while the remainder are Nationalists and favor Home Rule of some form.

Mr. Whery wanders far from the facts in the statement, "Nor does Ireland enjoy equal rights and privileges with the other island." How erroneous that is can readily be seen by consulting any reliable book of reference. In the present House of Commons, London, with about the same population as Ireland, has 62 members and Scotland 72, while Ireland has 102, though its population is 400,000 less than that of Scotland. For a complete refutation of his statement I will quote two famous

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British statesmen, Burke and Gladstone. Burke said in 1795 that an Irishman had every privilege, political and legal, of an English-born citizen. In 1871 Mr. Gladstone said the same thing. Patrick H. Pearse, the executed President of the so-called Irish Republic, was by the laws of citizenship an Englishman, having been born in England of an English father and an Irish mother. Michael Davitt also was born, not in Ireland, but in England. Yet neither of these men possessed any more political or civil rights than any Irishman born in Ireland. On this point I am sure that most of the readers of the *Nation* will prefer the opinion of Burke and Gladstone to that of Mr. Whery.

Mr. Whery is undoubtedly honest and conscientious. It is his knowledge of the subject which leaves much to be desired. To all lovers of the truth honest sincerity should not be allowed to cover the serious sin of misrepresentation.

GEORGE L. FOX

New Haven, Conn., August 19

Benevolent Imperialism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among the essential articles of a treaty of permanent peace must be one providing for the benevolent administration of the politically and socially immature peoples of Asia and Africa—peoples heretofore considered, under the ethics of the old internationalism, as fit subjects for exploitation. The malevolent imperialism which looks upon the inhabitants of backward countries as means to the end of material aggrandizement has been truly regarded as one of the main causes of modern wars. But there is another kind of imperialism, and if the peace-makers sincerely desire to write the terms of a lasting peace, they must recognize the vital distinction that exists between malevolent and benevolent imperialism. Some kind of imperialism is necessary so long as there are peoples who are unable to govern themselves and who are subject to the exploitation of crafty Powers like Germany. Malevolent imperialism assumes that such peoples exist for the enrichment of their masters; benevolent imperialism assumes that until people are able to administer efficiently the affairs of government they must submit to a degree of control and guidance. Canada and Australia have not been sources for the enrichment of England. In the constitution of the league of nations there must be written a provision which shall guarantee the humane government of all colonies and of all subject peoples under the joint control of all the civilized Powers, Germany included.

HARRY SALPETER

New York, August 15

Slang and the King's English

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The pervasive quality of American slang in times of peace is familiar enough. In these days of war there are obvious reasons for its greater prevalence. The downright force, the "punch," if you please, of this form of speech particularly recommends it at this time when the affairs of the world are being settled by means of brute force. Our American President, whose command over the resources of our language no one is likely to question, has not hesitated in public speech to speak of "butting in" in Mexico, of "feeling that I was the whole thing," of its being "up to me."

In the speech of Englishmen the use of the vulgar idiom for expressing the temper of the present time is not less noteworthy. One is not greatly surprised to find a journalist like Lord Northcliffe, in an address to an American audience, asserting that "it is 'up to you' to raise a great memorial at Dayton," that "it is 'up to' the two great nations of the world," etc. Nor is it entirely unexpected when Sir Edward Carson, who planned to settle affairs in Ulster by illegal methods, makes use of outlaw speech and asserts that he "can never get cold feet." But the popular idiom has found its place in the speech of Englishmen even higher in authority. Premier Lloyd George speaks of Russia as "still on the ropes," of Germany's hope that the U-boats are to "put England out of business." Even Mr. Asquith, the purity of whose English is so notable, is quoted by the newspapers as using the phrase, "deliver the goods." Verily slang has made its way to high places. But now comes the interesting story of the tribute paid to American troops by King George himself. "What the Americans have really done," he is quoted as saying, "is, perhaps, best expressed in their own idiom. They have 'put pep into us.'" American slang has now become literally the King's English.

GEORGE H. MCKNIGHT

Ohio State University, August 31

Locrine and the Faerie Queene

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The welcome fact, noted in your recent review of Professor Cory's "Edmund Spenser: A Critical Study," that Spenser is at last "coming into something like his just share of scholarly attention," warrants a word in your columns as to a minor point in which neither the poet nor one of his critics has had his due.

In Mr. F. G. Hubbard's "Locrine and Selimus" (Shakespeare Studies by Members of the Department of English of the University of Wisconsin: Madison, 1916), it is stated categorically and several times reiterated (pp. 23, 26, 30) that Locrine "has nothing from 'The Faerie Queene.'" A footnote (p. 23) refers for confirmation to Crawford's "Edmund Spenser, Locrine, and Selimus," which was published (Collectanea, Vol. I) as long ago as 1901. Mr. Hubbard ignores altogether Prof. Carrie A. Harper's "Locrine and The Faerie Queene" (Modern Language Review, 1913, Vol. VIII, pp. 369-371), in which the fact that Debon (the eponymous hero of Devonshire) is associated with Brutus in both poem and play (and appears in no other extant version of the story) is made the basis of a plausible argument for the indebtedness of "Locrine" to "The Faerie Queene."

Spenser's influence is God's plenty without "Locrine," but it is not agreeable to see him despoiled of even a minor item merely on the strength of an *ipse dixit*.

E. K. B.

University of Alberta, August 18

Prophets and False Prophets

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your reviewer of "Religion—Its Prophets and False Prophets," by Mr. James Bishop Thomas, in the *Nation* of August 24, damns with faint praise a book which appeals to many as a real contribution to practical theology and work-a-day ethics. Dr. Thomas makes the allegation, not too fantastic, that the clerical profession is more concerned with being a bulwark of society as it is than with carrying on the stalwart traditions of revolutionary prophecy as exemplified by Isaiah and Jeremiah, by John Baptist, and by Jesus of Nazareth, the last and greatest. Surely one can see that there is a great chasm between the religion of Jesus and the Christian religion. There are too many evidences that a minister who espouses the cause of the oppressed and disinherited cuts himself off from future advancement, perhaps loses his position altogether.

It is reported that only one clergyman took sides with the strikers in Bisbee, Mr. Brewster, of the Episcopal Church; it is not surprising to hear also that he "lost his job." Yet there is the anomaly that in our most aristocratic church—which families make alliance with as they get on in the world—there are a good many radical clergy, and they must be reckoned with one day. Perhaps we shall come back to the Apostolic (and Quaker) custom of having unpaid ministers and also to the wholesome and democratic custom of having the prophesying done by men and women of the laity as good things come to them to say. It may be said that we shall again, as in the primitive times, have the churches in such and such a one's house, where people met together in fellowship for the breaking of bread and for prayer. Vital religion will put the emphasis on the Kingdom, for centuries ignored by theologians.

This book of Dr. Thomas's is a sincere attempt to bring us back to the essential content of Christianity. There are, unfortunately, too few books which make the attempt: those we have ought to be appreciated.

ALBERT FARR

Newark, N. J., August 27

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BOOKS

The Colonial Merchants and the Revolution

The Colonial Merchants and the American Revolution, 1763–1776. By Arthur Meier Schlesinger. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $4.

THIS well-printed volume is not intended as a popular exposition of the subject. It is a work of devoted scholarship and abundant research with full citation of the original evidence, and is issued as Volume 78 of the Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law, edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University.

The Northern merchants were a picturesque and romantic class of our Colonial life. Fine old fellows they seem now as we look back at them in their yellow embroidered long waistcoats, short trousers, and long stockings. A delightful life they lived, strolling out of their counting houses, when tired of figuring profit and loss, to take a look at one of their ships discharging or loading at their wharf. All was still and restful, with the delicious odor of tar and oakum. The sailors sang their "Heave-ho" songs, as they handled the tackles. The sail-maker was working away on his snowy canvas. The captain, with the shadow of the last hurricane still on his face, paced sternly to and fro.

It is a wonder that the merchants ever did any figuring at all. They could have so much better amusement investigating the armament of their vessels and hearing the endless tales of fights with pirates or privateering in the British wars with France and Spain. No doubt the merchant appreciated all this in a way, and never realized what an important person he was. He would have been amazed to think that in a hundred and fifty years it would take 700 pages to explain him. The reason is that, with all his pleasant, picturesque life, he was a very broad-gauge man. He was a navigator, mariner, and owner of ships, as well as owner of a shop. He must know foreign markets and politics, India, China, Ceylon, as well as the Mediterranean shores and the ports of Great Britain, France, and Holland; and must know it all without the aid of telegraph or news bureaus. It was a balanced judgment and a courageous, sturdy soul that could speculate in ships, cargoes, pirates, and privateersmen, over the vast distances of the oceans, and keep on the agreeable side of bankruptcy. In other words, he was a great economic force—although "economic" in this sense was hardly then in use, and he might not have known what you meant—and therefore his part in the revolution was a serious one.

Dr. Schlesinger is by no means blind to the fact that there were other weighty factors in the Revolution. "The revolutionary movement," he rightly says, "was the product of a complexity of forces, governmental and personal, British and Colonial, social, economic, geographical, and religious." But economic conditions and the merchants played such an important part in the Revolution that Dr. Schlesinger in revealing them was in the predicament of having to write an almost complete history of the Revolution without the battles, in order to show the working of one of its factors.

In the Northern Colonies down to Maryland, the merchants were the picturesque ship-owning class just described, and usually natives of or living in the Colonies. But the merchants that controlled the trade and ships of the Southern Colonies lived in England, and transacted business in the Colonies through factors, who were not altogether respected by the Southern planters. Capital in the South was invested in plantations and negroes, not in ships and goods. The planter sent his products—tobacco, rice, or indigo—to a merchant in England to sell for him on commission and to send back manufactured goods and luxuries. To help out this deal, the merchant maintained in the Colonies a factor, usually a canny, thrifty Scotchman, who kept a stock of merchandise, worked up business, and collected debts from "as wasteful a race of gentlemen farmers as ever lived." On the other hand, the merchant in England took high commissions and freight rates and held the gentlemen farmers in the sort of slavery which in those days could be maintained over a man always in your debt. "These debts," said Thomas Jefferson, "had become hereditary from father to son, for many generations, so that the planters were a species of property annexed to certain mercantile houses in London."

It was different in the New England and Middle Provinces, where resident merchants, spreading a network of ships and trade over the whole known world, became identified with the communities in which they lived, and were respected, influential citizens. It is true that they also had their little tyrannies, which could be exercised in the conditions of the times; but there was no serious objection, because of the overbalancing benefits.

> Dependent upon the merchants for a livelihood were great numbers of petty shopkeepers, vendue-masters, ropemakers, sailmakers, sailors, coopers, caulkers, smiths, carpenters, and the like. These men were that numerous portion of the community in republics, styled the People; in monarchies, the Populace, or still more irreverently the Rabble, or Canaille, as a contemporary said; and they were, for the most part, unenfranchised.
>
> At Philadelphia, the merchant-aristocracy ruled the city with a rod of iron; their methods of harrying the price-cutting vendue-masters and of discouraging country peddling were similar in kind to those which modern business integration has rendered familiar. The same was true, in lesser degree perhaps, at New York, Boston, and Newport.

The burden of Dr. Schlesinger's book is the effect of the Revolution on these men and their effect on the Revolution. They surged about back and forth when struck by the changing economic currents of the momentous epoch. Members of the Colonial Dames and of the Sons of the Revolution who fondly believe that the Revolution was a spontaneous uprising of the whole Colonial population without doubt or hesitation, and who think it wicked to suggest otherwise, will find little comfort or satisfaction in the pages of this iconoclast. He has a disconcerting way of stating facts as he finds them in the documents and record. He is an historian of the Revolution who has a respect for evidence—not for some of the evidence or selected evidence, but for all of the evidence. He cares nothing for secondary authorities or subsequent opinions. He wants the eye-witnesses and the original participants.

The merchants and factors liked the British Empire. They grew rich under it. The armies and fleets of the Empire protected their trade and their ships. It is true that the navigation and trade acts of Parliament were intended to confine profits largely to the mother country and make of the Colonies mere producers of raw materials to be exchanged for the manufactured goods of England. But by

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the custom and practice of nearly a hundred years the colonists had disobeyed the parts of those acts which were unfavorable to them and taken full advantage of those that were profitable. Smuggling had long been a respectable crime. Everybody smuggled or was interested in smuggling. "The Saints of New England," wrote Colonel Byrd, of Virginia, "have a great dexterity at palliating a perjury so well as to leave no taste of it in the mouth, nor can any people like them slip through a penal statute."

When, therefore, Great Britain, having greatly increased her colonial empire by the addition of Canada and other conquests from the French, resolved to have this empire more closely regulated, it was a terrible blow to the merchants. If the navigation and trade laws were really to be enforced to the letter and smuggling stopped, what was a colonial merchant to do but go to the poorhouse? They loved the great British Empire, but they regarded it on the Ptolemaic principle as the sun which revolved around the earth, America. The Parliament and the King held to the Copernican theory, that America should revolve around the Great Sun, England. This simile is Dr. Schlesinger's. It is not a bad summary of the Revolutionary contest.

Threatened, as they thought, with bankruptcy, the Northern merchants fomented, joined, and took part in all the opposition to the new British regulations. They were a great influence in the argumentative and agitative period of ten years, 1764–1774, which preceded the fighting period, 1775–1781. The chief means of opposition were the enforcement of the non-importation resolutions and the non-intercourse resolutions, which were meant to starve England into submission or withdrawal of the obnoxious measures. They did not quite have this effect; but they were staggering blows to her. The principal part of Dr. Schlesinger's book is taken up with the details of these non-intercourse methods in the different Colonies. It is a splendid piece of research, although the details, somewhat overwhelming to the ordinary reader, might possibly have been classified more interestingly.

The factor class in the Southern Colonies took no part in the agitation against the mother country. The Southern merchants lived in England and of course sided with the British Government. The revolutionary movement in the South was conducted by the patriot planters, the lawyers, and the people, who thoroughly sympathized with the Northern native merchants. They joined in all their non-importation ideas, assured them that the Northern cause was the Southern cause, and that they were ready to resist the encroachments of Great Britain with arms. Of course, there were also quite a number of loyalists in the South who took no part in these proceedings. The debts of the Southern planters to their merchants in England were, not unnaturally, said to be the cause of their patriotism. They joined the revolutionary movement, it was said, as the cheapest way of repudiating their debts. "It is a firmly established opinion of men well versed in the history of our Revolution," said Oliver Wolcott, "that the whiggism of Virginia was chiefly owing to the debts of the planters."

As the revolutionary agitation proceeded, "the merchants of the great Northern ports were startled by the mob excesses and destruction of property which their agitation had caused." The official class and many of the social class allied to it dropped out and became loyalists. The rest went on with the radicals and patriots until, in the years 1767–1770, nearly all the Northern merchants were staggered by "the growing power of the irresponsible elements and of the drift of the events towards lawlessness." Large numbers of them would at this time, Dr. Schlesinger thinks, have gone over to the side of the mother country, and the separation of the Colonies might have been postponed or prevented, if it had not been for the fatal blunder of the British Ministry in assisting the East India Company to monopolize the tea market at the expense of the Colonial merchants. Shocked by this, all but a few of the merchants remained with the radicals. But they kept dropping away as event after event seemed to show the increasing danger of lawlessness and the need of some great ocean Power to protect trade.

The doings of the First Continental Congress were very disturbing to them. Some of them became active loyalists. Finally, in the summer months of 1776, when independence and complete separation were impending, they were in a terrible position. The arguments of Tom Paine's pamphlet, "Common Sense," disgusted them. The efforts of the radicals to organize the mechanic and farming classes seemed madness. Moreover, they noticed that these mechanics and farming classes were being organized against the merchants. The agrarian classes were told that they must no longer trust the merchants as directors of public policy; that wealth had an evil influence "upon the morals and principles of mankind." Yet the radicals tried to hold the merchants in their camp. They described the great prosperity that would come, increasing population, increasing commerce, freedom of the seas, freedom from navigation and trade laws, and a perfect Golden Age of rising values under independence. The independent materialistic future would be more glorious than the Colonial past. There was a hot contest over these arguments, and as detailed by Dr. Schlesinger they are profoundly interesting. They enable us to realize the point of view of those times and the difficulties of honest minds. Our histories of the Revolution have been so one-sidedly written and with such silly suppression of evidence that many mature, educated people are more ignorant of the real situation than were children in 1776.

When the Declaration of Independence finally passed, it was like the explosion of a shell among the old Northern merchants. It sent them flying in all directions. Not a few of them, like Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, stood by the radical cause to the end. Some set their teeth, and, fearing destruction of their houses and property by the mob, remained with the radicals without at all believing in them. Some, like Ross, and Willing, of Philadelphia, who was Morris's partner, claimed the right to remain neutral, and succeeded in holding that position pretty well. But a large number became out-and-out loyalists. How large the number was we shall never know, because they have been so much under ban and because they nearly all gradually disappeared. Some went to England or to the West Indies, many to New Brunswick and other parts of Canada, where their descendants are still to be found. We gain some idea of their possible numbers when we learn that over two hundred of them accompanied the British troops in their evacuation of Boston in March, 1775.

One must not be too quick to condemn them because they were not patriots. Their reasoning on the facts turned out to be largely correct. After the Revolution closed, "their worst fears," as Dr. Schlesinger says, "were confirmed in the inefficient government which the radicals established, and in the enfeebled state of American commerce and busi-

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ness at home and abroad." In the troubled years that followed, when the Articles of Confederation were going to pieces, and it looked as if the States would break apart and some perhaps go back under England, it was the merchants of the country, "who, regardless of their antecedents, drew together in an effort to found a Government which would safeguard the interests of their class"; and they created the Constitution of the United States, under which we still live.

Place and Atmosphere

Boone Stop. By Homer Croy. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Land's End, and Other Stories. By Wilbur Daniel Steele. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Lovers of Louisiana (To-day). By George W. Cable. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"BOONE STOP" is still another contribution to our current literature of American regionalism or "localism," as Mr. Howells puts it. The author, who has had a varied experience as reporter, traveller, and moving-picture expert, here draws more or less directly, we suppose, upon memories of his own boyhood. He exposes the absurdities of the boy-soul with what would be ruthless humor if real humor could ever be that. For, with all its roughness and exuberance, this is real humor or, if you like, humorous realism. In kind, if not in force or quality, it is the humor that Mark Twain established as "American" the world over—and that few Americans have approximated, even in kind. It is frank, exuberant, at times outrageous, a male humor that snaps its fingers good-naturedly at the pretty and the nice and worships at its own shrine of robust virtue. Sentimental also it can be, on the rebound—male, too, in this. Boone Stop is a little mining town in Pennsylvania to which the Lord has led his servant, Isom Seed. Isom is prophet of his own religion. He has set a date for the end of the world and, with his band of "Holy-Seeders" and more or less believing family, has duly awaited the end on a hilltop. He has given away his property, and when the end does not arrive, has to seek another place of sojourn. Divine guidance in the form of a blind finger on the map of the State indicates Boone Stop. Here our unheroic hero, Cleveland Seed, is to be a boy and a youth and the beginning of a man. He is a self-chronicler without suppressions if not without illusions. With an air of cheerful inconsequence, he writes himself an ass. The stern other-worldliness of his father's household has driven him early to the streets and poolrooms. He forms his own ideals of manliness from the oracles of the bar-room and curbstone. He is infinitely absurd in his first preenings and gyrations before the female of his kind. The boy, like Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, is sound at the core. Slowly he perceives the noble pathos of his old father's life, and the dignity and moral power that have always underlain and atoned for his fanaticism. Looking beneath the whimsical realism of the surface, one discerns that the chief thing here is not a "Seventeen" in terms of Boone Stop, Pennsylvania, but the portrait of a good man embodying an ancient American type which is by no means extinct.

"Land's End" and "Lovers of Louisiana" are equally books of place and atmosphere, but of strongly romantic quality. Mr. Steele's stories are literary in the sense of being carefully composed. They show small trace in style or structure of those familiar tricks of the current "art of the short story" which have been almost codified by the "successful" story-tellers of the magazines. With H. D. Dwight and Joseph Hergesheimer and one or two others, this writer has successfully resisted the demands of the market for a special commodity, and is already producing work of a solid merit that the market cannot afford to ignore. Mr. Steele was born in the South, but, as is rare with localists, found his atmosphere elsewhere. He lives in Provincetown, and the place of his fancy is the sandy, wind-blown Cape. He would seem to have found his way thither by instinct as towards home, bringing the fresh eye and eager emotion of one whom circumstance has long parted from his natural dwelling. His is the Cape of to-day, now so largely dispossessed of its old Yankee stock and repeopled by a new race from the old world. He writes chiefly of the island people that, within our own century, have drifted in such numbers from the Azores and lodged where they landed, in run-down farm or dilapidated fisherman's house, but always within sound of the sea. A thrifty people, of a race, as they will tell you in New England, "more like white folks" than other dark-featured foreigners among our neighbors. Among them this story-teller finds his figures and movements of romance. Plot, as a neat box-like container for his dream-stuff, he for the most part ignores. His Cape Cod, one may say, is a land seen in mirage, exact in detail, yet touched with magic. In outline, "White Horse Winter" and "Ked's Hand" are tales of extraordinary simplicity; in atmosphere and effect they are of a world we could not have entered without this guide.

"Lovers of Louisiana" is an unlooked-for benefit, coming so quickly after "The Flower of the Chapdelaines." Mr. Cable, like Mr. Steele, was born in the South and has long made his home in New England. Otherwise the case is reversed, for the home of the older writer's imagination has always remained the home of his youth. Like "The Flower of the Chapdelaines," this is a story of to-day, but full of the aroma of the New Orleans of "The Grandissimes" and "Dr. Sevier." Looked upon with a literal eye, the romancer would be found to be undeniably repeating himself. One recalls the lovely pair in "The Grandissimes," the charmers of two generations, *mater pulchra, filia pulchrior.* They are here again in the persons of sweet Rosalie Durel and her timeless grandmother. Here again also is the development of a love story between the Creole and the American of other stock. As always with this writer, the present moves in the memory and under the influence of the past. Here also, representing the tragic problem of race without which no canvas of Mr. Cable's is complete, is the negro bookseller of the preceding novel, Ovide Landry; respected, depended upon, yet always kept upon his side of a barrier no theory can efface. But all this familiarity of material does not detract from one's delighted sense of the unexhausted resources of the story-teller's art. Here, if you like, is an artist for whom "plot" is a living thing, rounded and subtle and inseparable from the human action. Inch by inch the veil of the author's demure reserve is lifted from its perfection. The reader's feeling is not, "How ingenious this is in its completeness," but "How naturally and inevitably all these elements are moulded together into a true thing." The younger novelists, the younger romancers, are making their own notable studies, finding out their own proper roads. Who of them can as yet excel this veteran in sure command of his difficult art: an art so graciously familiar and yet so far from "out of date"?

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Arabic Influences in Germanic Languages

Contributions Toward a History of Arabico-Gothic Culture. Volume I. By Leo Wiener. New York: Neale Publishing Company.

ALMOST certainly no one scholar is in a position adequately to review this volume on all its sides. It calls for a student of Arabic and of mediæval Latin, of Gothic, German, and Romance, of mediæval Hebrew and Aramaic, of Celtic and Scandinavian—of the entire Arabic and European civilizations from at least the sixth century on. Any reviewer, therefore, must walk with extreme circumspection not to commit such blunders as will rejoice the heart of Professor Wiener. But while any reviewer must feel convinced by this book of great ignorance, he must also feel growing in his brain an uncomfortable suspicion of the omniscience of its author, a suspicion in no way abated by the dogmatism of its statements. It may be well, then, for the present reviewer to say that he looks at the problem from the Arabic side.

What, then, is Professor Wiener's thesis? "My task is accomplished if I compel the world of scholars to take into consideration the influence of Arabico-Gothic culture upon the history of Europe" (p. xix). If this were all, his task were easy, for all historians now admit that influence, although the forms which it has taken are now being considered with somewhat greater exactness than was once the case. The recognition began as far back as the prefaces by Du Cange to his Glossarium (§ xxxi) and of Walton to the London Polyglot. The assertions, with which these deal, by Paulus Alvar, of Cordova, Roderigo Ximenez, of Toledo, and Juan Mariana have been criticised by Lagarde (Vier Evangelien arabisch, pp. xii ff.), but no one has doubted that a broad fact lies behind them. And in 1912 Julián Ribera, in his Discurso on his reception to the Royal Spanish Academy, developed from a study of the Cancionero of Abencuzmán an hypothesis which traces the origins of the lyric forms of southern European literature in the Middle Ages to the Andalusian lyric, which, in its turn, originated in a bilingual community speaking two colloquials, Arabic and Romance. It may be said shortly that the Spanish school of Arabists, following their master Codera, are never weary of emphasizing the importance of the Arabic influence in Spanish language, literature, thought, and history.

But on p. ix we learn that Professor Wiener's object is to show "how the literary Germanic languages have arisen in a weak Germanic substratum by a sudden influx of Low Latin, Arabic, and ghost words." But, as Professor Wiener sees and points out, the basis of modern Germanic science is Gothic and the basis of Gothic is the Gothic Bible version. If, then, the Gothic language is full of words of Arabic origin, the Gothic version must be brought down to a possible date for Arabic influence. The whole legend, therefore, of the fourth century Ulphilas goes flying; the Codex Argenteus cannot be of the fifth or sixth century; paleography and church history must also be remade. And this is only a beginning. There is a series of early Gothic charters; these must be shown to be forged; there is a life of St. Columban—forged, too. In the next volume, according to an enclosed advertisement of militant tone, we are to have a demonstration that St. Jerome's letter to the Goths was forged and that Codex Bezae "proceeded from a Carolingian scriptorium." To all appearance, Professor Wiener is on the road that Cotterill had to follow as his Peregrinus Proteus hypothesis developed on his hands. Cotterill, it may be remembered, was led by a series of coincidences in verbal expression to the conclusion that Lucian's "De Morte Peregrini" was a sixteenth-century forgery, and that Robert Stephens had had a hand in it. But gradually his "coincidences" drove him to include the Gospel of Thomas, both the Epistle and the Homily of Clement of Rome, III Maccabees, and a few other things. The agreements which he pointed out were, certainly, of the most extraordinary; but they landed him in an utterly impossible position. Professor Wiener's basis is a very queer and much less convincing collection of etymologies. Woden (p. 140), in spite of Wednesday, is from the Arabic *Wuddun*, although nobody would ever pronounce the *un* at the end, except in solemn Koranic language or classical poetry, and never if the word stood by itself. And he does not always reckon in the *un* (p. xxi); which obviously gives a wide scope in etymologies. So, too, Frea, with her Friday, is from *far'ăău*, "long-haired," or *farr'āu*, "beautiful of the front teeth." All this in spite of the fact that both of these names have admittedly (pp. 141 ff.) cognates in old Norse and Anglo-Saxon which must be traced back also to these Arabic words.

And this touches the very point of Professor Wiener's difficulty. Given two or three hundred years, it might be thinkable that Arabic vocabulary might seep through Europe, even into Scandinavia. But it was 710 before there were any Moors in Spain and 712 before the Moors had even overrun the country; and, when we consider their small numbers, it must have been a century or more before their vocabulary could have affected even the south of Spain. It is to the middle of the ninth century that the often quoted passage of Paulus Alvar refers. How, then, could drainage canals (p. xxxiv) be laid out about 750 in the north of Italy "either by Arabs or Arabized Goths"? And how could the Goths (p. xxxv), about 760, exert "such an influence upon the monastery of St. Gall that the old geographical denominations began to give way to the new Arabico-Gothic words"? This refers to the derivation of such terms as "dorf," "bach," "gau," from the Arabic *turb* or *turāb* (from which came also the English "turf"), *baq'a*, *gaww* (pp. 150 ff.). The recurrence of similar descriptives of place in English charters becomes proof that "Arabs or Goths . . . must have been active in England at the same time" (p. 203). It was as drainage engineers that they were thus active, for Gothic "marisaiws" has nothing to do with Latin "mare," but is from some Arabic word, *mara'a* or *marī'*, "green pasture."

The upshot, then, is that the Arabs, landing in Spain in 710, soaked the Gothic language with Arabic terms for the most ordinary things and then scattered themselves or sent the Goths, speaking this Arabized Gothic, to work as drainage engineers in northern Italy, at St. Gall in Switzerland, in Alsace (Murbach, p. 167), in England—all this within fifty years. And their labors were so efficient and effective that from them have sprung the numberless dorfs and bachs of the Fatherland, not to speak of Tennyson's "marish waters" and the turf of Old England. "'Now Thunder and Turf!' Pope Gregory said"!

Similarly, that extraordinary *soi-disant* grammarian, Virgilius Maro, is commonly put in the sixth century. But Professor Wiener finds in him words derived from technicalities of Arabic grammar and prosody. But the beginnings of Arabic grammar and prosody, with whatever names

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we may connect them and whatever their sources may have been, lie in the latter half of the eighth century. So far as prosody is concerned, tradition is unanimous that the scheme of Arabic metres goes back to a certain Khalil, who died in 791. The first great grammarian, Sibawaihi, who died in 793, may easily have had predecessors, but he himself is evidently still struggling with an as yet unfixed terminology. And all this was in the eastern Moslem world. The first philologian of the West of whom we have definite trace is Isma'il al-Qali, who died as a teacher in Cordova in 967. He came from Manazgird, in Armenia, studied at Bagdad and Mosul, and set out to make his fortune in the unlearned West in 939. Technical grammar and prosody may have preceded him; but hardly by any long time. It will be for students of mediæval Latin to decide whether Virgilius Maro can be pressed down into the tenth century. That he (p. 21) could have known the system of Khalil in 760 or 770, twenty-one or thirty-one years before that scholar's death, is simply unthinkable.

A New History of Architecture

A History of Architecture. By Fiske Kimball and George Harold Edgell. New York: Harper & Brothers. $3.50.

NEW researches make the problem of the historian of the arts, as well as of the publisher, one of constantly increasing difficulty; new findings must be incorporated, new evidence weighed and assigned a relative value; still the new histories cannot be materially altered either by increasing the size or by changing the essential contents. Professors Kimball and Edgell have manfully met the requirements of the greater compression of valuable material within strictly limited space in their recently published "History of Architecture."

In the history of architecture the generalities of the foremost historians of twenty years ago have only in a measure been substantiated in detailed fact, the degree of substantiation being the test of their value for the history of architecture written in 1918. And this statement cannot be interpreted as a reflection upon histories that were on our shelves before that in question appeared. In the case of the short textbook type of history of architecture, a constant revision and bringing to date of available findings is an inexorable demand upon authors and publishers alike. The present authors have in thorough fashion digested in their carefully prepared chapters the discoveries of recent years, mindful at all times of the modern viewpoint and of the cumulative value of all architectural history in the light of modern interpretation and understanding of the art. To make this attitude of the authors one of real value to the reader, the various historic styles have been given a progressively greater emphasis and space, as the present time is approached. This method provides a gathering force for the material offered, each chapter driving home the realities of past styles in regard to their value for present appreciation and practice.

To carry out the general trend of modern thought along many lines, the volume under discussion is careful to consider the field of architecture as representative of a continuous growth, disregarding the previously favored attitude of writers who cut up the history of art into a sequence of chapters, each style being supposedly an individual growth manifesting distinctly traceable periods of embryo and of decay. Obviously the aspect of continued growth through the ages will grant to various phases of certain styles, the baroque, for instance, an entirely different and essentially greater value in relation to other styles of which they were previously considered the dying agonies. What is more, this method of developing the history of architecture by its very nature must emphasize the comparative or "relational" value of all stylistic expressions. In other words, we find here an added argument for the modern and thoroughly reasonable theory that style is not a matter of formula indicated by certain fine monuments placed in point of time at its supposed apogee, but rather that style is purely a matter of growth; growth is, of course, a continuous process, and in the light of this attitude we may countenance the epigram that style is change.

The arrangement of this history is a thoroughly workable one, although we should have favored a greater emphasis upon the national types of the various styles, rather than their entire subordination to the general style conception. There are fourteen chapters, an excellent glossary, and a detailed index. Eastern architecture receives but a single chapter, since the styles of the Orient, according to our general feeling now, are non-historical styles as regards Occidental development. American architecture receives one chapter, and in this respect we feel that a real injustice was done. We feel a reasonable pride in the products of the architectural soil in the United States, and are convinced that the great chapter of industrial feudalism in architectural growth is now being written in terms of the actual materials. The æsthetic aspect is no longer sufficient in a chapter on American architecture.

In general character the book is convenient to use, well illustrated with 317 text cuts, and admirably arranged typographically. Each chapter is followed by chronological tables of classified monuments and a careful bibliographical note to provide for further research on disputed points or for more detailed information.

While this volume may be said to supersede a book like Statham's "Short Critical History of Architecture," it surely does not replace Simpson's or Hamlin's. Sturgis's "History of Architecture" is too long to offer a comparison, and perhaps Simpson's three-volume work should also be so considered. But the difference between the Kimball and Edgell book and Professor Hamlin's "Text Book of the History of Architecture" is not sufficient to make us feel that a higher ideal has been reached, for the considerations of size and price cannot be ignored. It is safe to say that there is room for five or six so-called short histories of architecture, each of a different size; and we can now rest assured that the reader is adequately provided for. We unhesitatingly commend the present volume to lay readers and to practitioners of architecture as well.

Contributors to this Issue

STUART P. SHERMAN is professor of English in the University of Illinois.

ERNEST BREHAUT, formerly professor of history in Colorado College, is now a farmer in summer, an historical student in winter.

EOTHEN is a leading American authority on the Far East.

HERBERT W. HORWILL is the London correspondent of the *Nation*.

A. J. BARNOUW is the Hague correspondent of the *Nation*.

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Notes

DURING September the Macmillan Company will publish: "Joan and Peter," by H. G. Wells; "The Spinners," by Eden Phillpotts; "Once on the Summer Range," by Francis Hill; "Skipper John of the Nimbus," by Raymond McFarland; "The Story of the Pilgrims for Children," by Roland G. Usher; "Isabel Carleton's Friends," by Margaret Ashmun; "The Loyalty of Elizabeth Bess," by E. C. Scott; "Under Orders," by Harold S. Latham; "Can Grande's Castle," by Amy Lowell; "The Drums in Our Street," by Mary Carolyn Davies; "The English Village," by Julia Patton; "Contemporary Composers," by Daniel Gregory Mason; "The Art of Florence," by H. H. Powers; "The Twentieth Century Theatre," by William Lyon Phelps; "Under Sail," by Felix Riesenberg; "The History of Spain," by Charles E. Chapman; "Pathfinders of the West," by Agnes C. Laut; "The World War and Leadership in a Democracy," by Richard T. Ely; "Winning and Wearing Shoulder Straps," by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles F. Martin; "A League of Nations," Volume II, by Theodore Marburg; "Our National Forests," by Richard H. D. Boerker; "Budget Making in a Democracy," by Edward A. Fitzpatrick; "Preparing Women for Citizenship," by Helen Ring Robinson; "The Newer Knowledge of Nutrition," by E. V. McColum; "The Course of Christian History," by W. J. McGlothlin; "History of the Religion of Israel," by George A. Barton; "The Way to Life," by Henry Churchill King; "The Next Step in Religion," by R. W. Sellars; "The Disabled Soldier," by Douglas C. McMurtrie; "Recreations for Teachers," by Henry S. Curtis; "Stunts, Contests and Organized Athletics," by Captain N. H. Pearl; "History of the United States," by John P. O'Hara.

THE September publications of D. Appleton & Company include: "The Golden Bough," by George Gibbs; "A Daughter of Jehu," by Laura E. Richards; "The Writing and Reading of Verse," by Lieutenant C. E. Andrews; "The Woman Citizen," by Professor H. A. Hollister; "The Little Democracy," by Ida Clyde Clarke; "The Paper Cap," by Amelia E. Barr.

"New and Old," by Edith Sichel, will be published shortly by E. P. Dutton & Company.

Among the early publications of Alfred A. Knopf are: "Fairies and Fusiliers," by Robert Graves; "Fred Mitchell's War Story"; "The Popular Theatre," by George Jean Nathan; "The Great Galeoto," by José Echegaray; "Shelley's Elopement," by Alexander Harvey.

This week Houghton Mifflin Company will publish: "The Call of the Offshore Wind," by Ralph Paine; "Many Mansions," by Sarah MacConnell; "The Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris"; "The Blue Aunt," by Eliza Orne White; "Little Jean," by Helen Dawes Brown; "The Little House in the Woods," by Clara W. Hunt; "Old Sheffield Plate," by Julia W. Torrey; "Modern and Contemporary European History," by J. S. Schapiro.

J. B. Lippincott Company announces the publication of: "Home and Community Hygiene," by Professor Broadhurst; "The Business of the Household," by C. W. Taber; "The Hygiene of the Eye," by W. C. Posey; "One-Hundred-Portion War Time Recipes," by Bertha E. Nettleton; "The Waterboys and Their Cousins," by Professor Charles D. Lewis.

SEPTEMBER brings a notable change and development in the *Bookman*, which now appears with the imprint of the George H. Doran Company. Under the new management, it aims not only to direct the reader's attention to the most significant things in current literatutre, but to present an authoritative outlook on the coming reconstruction of the world of letters. Among its new departments are "The Gossip Shop," "The Bookman Limited," and "Where to Buy Books." Walter Prichard Eaton, Hugh Walpole, Maurice Francis Egan, and Arnold Bennett are some of the contributors to the interesting current number. The *Nation* congratulates the *Bookman* on its new step, and among other acquisitions on the addition to its staff of Mr. William G. Preston, recently business manager of the *Nation*.

THE merits of "The Early Life of William Wordsworth" (Dutton; $3.50 net), Professor Émile Legouis's masterly study of "The Prelude," have been so long and so widely known that its reissue on this side of the water with an American imprint calls for only brief commendation. It is thoroughly representative of modern French scholarship in the domain of English literature. It is learned, sympathetic, informing, and it is marked by that lucidity which seems inseparable from French criticism. Ever since young Mr. Longfellow qualified for his chair of modern languages by residence abroad, American scholars have had their eyes turned towards Germany. After the war, there will be a new orientation; and Paris will undoubtedly take the place of Berlin as the Mecca of aspirants for the higher degrees. Already the universities of Canada have been negotiating with Oxford, Cambridge, and the Sorbonne with this end in view.

IT is extraordinary that books continue to be illustrated when author and publisher hold the illustrator in so little honor. Arthur Symons's "Colour Studies in Paris" (Dutton; $3 net) contains several reproductions of drawings and prints, but it is the rare exception when, as in the case of Whistler's lithograph of Stéphane Mallarmé, used as frontispiece, the artist's name is given. Even then there is no reference to the appearance of the lithograph in the collection of Mallarmé's poems, while Whistler's delicate drawing disappears in the heavy travesty of the reproduction. The whole volume is rather a careless piece of bookmaking. It consists of odd papers about Paris, descriptions of Paris celebrities, reviews of French books. Some of the chapters were written more than twenty years ago, as we know because the greater number are dated, though the reader is left to find out for himself if they were published at the time. There is no preface, no introduction, no index. As to the text, Mr. Symons's reputation would lose nothing if most of these earlier efforts were forgotten. In some of the impressions of places he seems to have just discovered the De Goncourts and their realism, and we can feel the strain of his own youthful endeavor to be realistic. The purely critical papers prove the best reading. Mr. Symons says a good deal that is helpful and suggestive about Verlaine's poetry. He revives pleasantly the memory of Pétrus Borel, that curious product of the Romanticism of the thirties. He manages to forget himself when Victor Hugo is his theme. Even when he does forget himself, however, in this and other chapters, his portentous seriousness is often trying. No critic, no student of humanity, is the worse for a sense of humor.

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ONE of the most successful war plays produced in America, "Out There," by Mr. J. Hartley Manners, has now been issued in book form (Dodd, Mead; $1.25 net). The author rather forestalls criticism by calling his work a "dramatic composition in three parts"; and, indeed, the only connecting link between the three loosely related scenes is the character of the little cockney, "'Aunted Annie," whose compelling spirit drives every member of her indifferent family into war work. There is, however, unity of atmosphere in the recruiting play, from the introductory episode, "Inspiration," through the "Devotion" represented in the hospital scene, to the rather lame conclusion entitled "Revelation." The structural weakness of the play, its conventional theatric quality, its lack of spiritual depth and of lasting dramatic values, are mercilessly emphasized in the printed version, often as cruel to the popular playwright as the revealing camera to the professional beauty. But if Mr. Manners is incapable of writing a well-made play, in the best sense of that word, he knows how to write capital scenes and can portray characters of the lower middle class with humor and pathos. The success of "Out There," first on the regular stage in New York and later as a means of raising funds for the Red Cross in various large cities, was due chiefly to the well-differentiated characters of the two sisters and to the extraordinarily effective hospital scene. The contrast between the unconquerable gloom of the sulky Irishman and the excessive cheerfulness of the other wounded soldiers is so original and striking that it loses little in the reading. But the last act, practically merely a monologue in favor of the war, seems trite and commonplace without the warmth and color of the human voice to lend it vitality. It is a wise author that knows what to leave unprinted.

AT the time of his death, Captain Manfred Freiherr von Richthofen, the most famous of German aviators, was officially credited with eighty victories. When he wrote his notes on flying which are now published under the title "The Red Battle Flyer" (McBride; $1.25), he had brought down fifty-two planes, and "Richthofen's Circus," led by the pillar-box-red machine of its commander, was a challenge along the entire western front. Its author is very much of a boy, a *naïf*, somewhat bloodthirsty, and undoubtedly dashing boy. That, after the German censor has done his worst, is the impression that his book conveys. There is none of the imagination, the poetry, nor the human sympathy of James Norman Hall's "High Adventure," for instance. The enemy is always an object of curiosity; what does he think, how does he feel, is he at all like us? is what one longs to know. Those to whom all things German are anathema *per se* will find plenty of encouragement for their point of view in von Richthofen's notes. But certain sentiments that he lets fall link him nevertheless with the human species. "I shall never again fly through a thunderstorm unless the Fatherland should demand this," he says quaintly enough. And we imagine that his opponents in the air, allowing for the stolid censor, for hasty preparation, and imperfect translation, allowing, too, for a different background, discipline, and tradition from their own, will find a very human quality in this particular enemy. They will not learn his method nor his technique, for he or the censor shrewdly claims that success is dependent upon personality, but they will obtain a fairly good picture of the war from the other side of the line.

Art

The War Poster

THE object of the war poster, now hung up everywhere, is to appeal to the people. There is no reason why the modern artist should not make a masterpiece of the poster as the old master did of the fresco. For an interval, indeed, in the nineties, there was an appreciation of the possibilities of the poster when Chéret, Toulouse-Lautrec, Steinlein, Grasset, and others added gayety to the streets of Paris; while, in London, Beardsley and the Beggarstaff Brothers—as Nicholson and Pryde called themselves—transformed the grimy hoardings into things of beauty. The finest of all these earlier posters announced the large international exhibitions held in Venice and in German towns. There was another flaring up in London just before the war when members of the Senefelder Club helped to advertise the Underground by decorating its stations with their lithographs.

Never, however, has the art received such an impetus as the war is giving it. France, as always in these matters, prepared the way. England came stumbling and halting after, with only an occasional Spencer-Pryse or Brangwyn to interrupt the flow of sentiment and commonplace. At home, we all know how much has been and is being done. The poster is under Government patronage. Mr. Creel and the Committee on Public Information have sought the coöperation of artists, and some of the most distinguished and popular are in charge of the Pictorial Publicity Division. Pamphlets are issued as textbooks of the art. Competitions are started, prizes awarded. Towns turn over their walls to the poster; public officials, business men, private citizens lend their windows. The demand is practically unlimited, and that the supply meets it, as far as quantity is concerned, the shortest stroll through the streets will show. It is another question, however, when one comes to quality. Artists who understand the poster are in the minority.

One reason is that most artists, even artists of distinction, who have never before made a poster, find it hard to believe that there are any special requirements or limitations to keep in mind. They think that all they have to do is to design the sort of illustration or painting that has brought them fame or popularity, and then turn it over to somebody who will reproduce it. Certainly, some of the most widely distributed posters that have been urging us to buy Liberty Bonds, not to waste food, to enlist, to join the American Red Cross, or to do whatever may be our part in the world war, differ little from the drawings or pictures by the same men with which books and exhibitions have long made us familiar. The Gibson Girl has merely taken up a new rôle when she marches in a Food Saving Campaign, and the Christy Girl when she speeds the Liberty Loan; both figures may command attention, for both are old friends of the public, and the public recognizing them at a glance is gratified by its own power of observation; but the drawings are not posters in the proper sense, but simply illustrations strayed out of one of the monthlies or weeklies. Dougherty's eagle arrayed in unexpectedly tropical plumage, and Jonas Lie's shipyard with its flamboyant vermilion passages, make such fresh splashes of color in the dusty town that they cannot be overlooked. But in this case the artists have treated their designs as if they were paintings, and I doubt if one passer-by in the hundreds who have seen them can say what

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the red moon is that so excites the eagle, or would know what the vermilion passages are in the shipyard if he had not stopped to find out for himself; and the poster that needs explanation or close examination has failed in its purpose. Again, a poster like Henry Raleigh's "Halt the Hun" will catch the eye by a well-built-up composition, but at the same time bewilder it by the totally inappropriate elaboration in the drawing. The truth is that in no form of art does so much depend on the knowledge of what to leave out.

It is because of the directness of the appeal made by art, because one drawing can say more with greater eloquence than columns and pages of letterpress, that the Government is using the artist as its messenger to the people. The most ineffective posters are those which strain hardest after popularity. No doubt to the multitude the pink-and-white girl who wants to join the navy, or the child who grins out a war slogan, or the man who thrusts his hand into his pocket for his "fat wad," makes a pretty or a funny picture. But the war poster, if it is worth anything, must be something more than that. It must compel the multitude to think as well as to look, to learn that war is a serious matter. It is the artist who treats it in this spirit, who gives seriousness to soldier and sailor, splendor to shipping and munitions, who has so far come nearest to delivering his message.

A good subject is not enough. It must be presented in the right way. Even if the glaring streets serve as exhibition gallery, we know that reserve of treatment no less than dignity of subject is what tells best. The most effective and impressive posters are always the simplest technically. A French master like Toulouse-Lautrec realized this and got his effect by an arrangement of flat spaces of color and as few colors as possible, with here and there a strong note to bring the composition together. German artists have been skilful in carrying on or adapting his method, and it is a mistake, not patriotism, to warn the student against their technique as some of our guides to poster-making do. The English were wiser when, in the first year of the war, they held an exhibition in London of German and Austrian arts and crafts so that their own artists and craftsmen, learning where they were excelled and why, could qualify themselves to compete with and to beat the enemy on his own ground. In our war posters, it is invariably the simplest that are most successful, whether this simplicity is got by a somewhat similar use of flat tone, as in Treidler's soldiers and laborers and Falls's soldier with the kit on his back and the books in his arms, or by strong silhouettes and strong outline, as in Pennell's ships and cranes.

The simplicity, however, it must be remembered, has to be such as will reproduce and print. Posters are usually reproduced by lithography, but I doubt if the men now flooding the country with them, excepting Pennell, Treidler, and Reuterdahl, would know how to get their design on the stone or metal and how to print it when there, or if, indeed, they have ever been inside a lithographer's printing shop. Part of the evil may be laid at the door of our technical schools, which do so little to encourage artist and craftsman to work together in the reproductive arts that they will turn out as illustrator a draughtsman who may never have seen an engraver's block or a lithographer's stone, much less a printing press. When the artist is indifferent to the lithographer upon whom he depends, and the lithographer does not want to be bothered by the artist, it is not astonishing that so many war posters have missed their mark.

Another matter to which the artist pays far too little attention is the lettering. The design may explain itself. The warship in the dock, the soldier with his books, the guns about to fire, Liberty sowing her seeds, may be read for what they are by the dullest man who runs. But without a word or two to turn them into an immediate appeal to buy bonds or give books or enlist or reap victory, it may not be clear why special posters should happen to appear at special moments. And yet the artist is as ready to wash his hands of the legend accompanying his design as of its reproduction, shifting the responsibility to whoever will accept it. It does not seem to occur to him that if lettering must be added it becomes part of his composition, and his business is to make it beautiful and in harmony with the drawing. The American artist does not seem even to know what beauty is in the form of letters, nor does it, apparently, occur to him to go into one of the hundreds of museums, to study the fine examples to be found there. Often for his poster he relies on the ordinary commercial lettering of the lithographer, so heavy as to overpower the design, or swaggering across and disfiguring it, or printed in such crude colors that the artist's every nerve must be on edge when he faces the discord. In fact, the lettering on the poster is at times not unlike the little thing on the mantelpiece that, in Whistler's words, gives the whole show away.

To criticise the war poster is not to criticise the movement that has produced it. The good work that has been accomplished helps one to see the reason why there has been failure as well as accomplishment, and to see this is to understand where mistakes can be corrected. There is little doubt that the posters will improve with every fresh call for them, and none that the artists deserve all praise for the devotion with which they are giving their time and their talents to their country.

N. N.

Drama

"Daddies"

AN evening of whole-hearted laughter is something to be prized in these days. Mr. John L. Hobble has provided in "Daddies" a clever and fresh comedy, which Mr. Belasco is now producing at the Belasco Theatre.

As the observant bachelor said, "There's nothing easier than bringing up children." Thus encouraged, the four members of the Bachelor Club, in celebration of their fifteenth anniversary, are persuaded to adopt a war-orphan apiece. Their experiences in becoming "Daddies" are illuminating. Mr. John Cope as the crusty old uncle who goes into a cold sweat at the memory of holding his "sister's kid" at the christening has the hardest road to travel—to the glee of the audience. The child actors are naturally the chief interest in the play, and seldom does one see theatrical children so untheatrical. If children must be on the stage, it is a relief to find them in so wholesome a performance. The production was marred by the artificiality of the plotting mother, Miss Winifred Fraser, and the gratuitous vulgarity of the ill-natured daughter, Miss Edith King. These, however, but pointed the contrast of the tender charm and unconsciousness of Miss Jeanne Eagels, the exquisite seventeen-year-old English orphan, who is all that could be asked, from her forlorn, seasick arrival to the final moment when all the little orphans drag her off to the children's party.

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Finance

The New Revenue Bill

PUBLICATION of the details of the long-awaited revenue bill has brought the public face to face with the most extraordinary taxation demands of the war period. Under the proposed tax law, the Government will raise $8,182,492,000, collecting enormous sums from both corporations and individuals. While the Government obtained $3,671,918,000 from all sources by taxation during the past year, it is expected that the tax on incomes and profits alone will provide $5,576,186,000 in 1918–19. Though the bill has been carefully thought out, it will probably be changed in important particulars. All members of the Committee have forgotten partisanship, aiming solely to provide the Government with the revenue that it required. They were not successful, however, in uncovering many new sources of revenue, the ground having been pretty thoroughly worked over in 1917.

By raising the normal tax on incomes to 12 per cent., although imposing only half that burden upon the first $4,000 of taxable revenue, the new bill provides a startling increase. The super-taxes on incomes of $5,000 and over are very largely increased. The bill makes no distinction between earned and unearned incomes, and in that respect will win support from those critics who contended that income from investment ought not to be classed as unearned income at all, except in cases where the securities from which it was derived had been inherited. The 12 per cent. provision, however, will produce a much larger revenue than had been looked for in the early stages of the discussion. The Committee has sought to correct some of the injustices of the old law as applied to profits taxation, and in this respect the proposed bill will be more equitable and less burdensome to small corporations. It is easy to criticise a measure of this kind, which is bound to bear heavily upon various classes of the tax-paying public, but it must be remembered that the problem of raising so prodigious a revenue through taxation is greater than ever before confronted any committee of tax experts. The discussions have been necessarily hurried, owing to the desire of the Administration to complete the bill before the beginning of the fourth Liberty Loan campaign.

The American people will therefore be asked to pay over the largest tax fund ever asked by the Government, and, in addition, to subscribe for the largest war loan ever raised by the nation. If the present programme is carried out, the Government will probably cover 40 per cent. of its war expenses by taxation, depending for the remaining 60 per cent. upon the sale of new bond issues. These are formidable demands, but the nation is equal to them, as the people are aroused to "fighting pitch" in their support of the war enterprise.

The wonder is that any nation can raise such stupendous sums for war purposes. When the European war first started, economists of various countries talked learnedly about the "financial exhaustion" which would compel the poorer belligerents to cease hostilities after a few months. It was soon seen, however, that these forecasts were unreliable, since they ignored the possibilities of financing war expenses through internal credit obligations, and the doctrine of "financial exhaustion" is no longer cited as having vital bearing on the duration of the war. Our first Liberty Loan, issued June 15, 1917, elicited 4,500,000 subscriptions, calling for more than $3,000,000,000 of the 3½ per cent. bonds. Only $2,000,000,000 were allotted. The second Liberty Loan, carrying 4 per cent. interest, issued on October 27 last, brought applications from 9,000,000 people, whose bids aggregated $4,671,532,000; $3,808,766,150 of the bonds were allotted. The third Liberty Loan operation was even more successful than the others. The bonds carried 4¼ per cent. interest, and there were 17,000,000 subscriptions, calling for $4,170,019,650, of which the entire sum was allotted.

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POETRY AND DRAMA

Barrie, J. M. Quality Street. Scribner. $1 net.
Barrie, J. M. The Admirable Crichton. Scribner. $1 net.
Fisher, E. W. Idylls of Champlain. Boston: Le Roy Phillips. 90 cents net.
Gibbons, H. A. Songs from the Trenches. Harper. $1.25 net.
Lee, J. Work-a-Day Warriors. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Roche, J. P. Rimes in Olive Drab. McBride. $1 net.
Rolland, R. The Fourteenth of July and Danton. Holt. $1.50 net.
War Verse. Edited by F. Foxcroft. Crowell. $1.25.
Widdemer, M. The Old Road to Paradise. Holt. $1.25 net.
Wylie, I. A. R. Towards Morning. Lane. $1.50 net.

FICTION

Allen, I. R. The Money-Maker. Dodd, Mead.
Andreyev, L. Lazarus, and Bunin, I. The Gentleman from San Francisco. Both translated by A. Yarmolinsky. Stratford Universal Library Series. The Stratford Co. 25 cents.
Barbusse, H. The Inferno. Boni & Liveright. $1.50 net.
Bindloss, H. The Lure of the North. Stokes. $1.40 net.
Bowen, M. The Third Estate. Dutton. $1.75 net.
Cable, G. W. Lovers of Louisiana. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Daviess, M. T. The Golden Bird. Century. $1.35 net.
Dawson, W. J. The War Eagle. Lane. $1.50 net.
Dreiser, T. Free and Other Stories. Boni & Liveright. $1.50 net.
Duncan, N. Battles Royal Down North. Revell. $1.35 net.
Duncan, N. Harbor Tales Down North. Revell. $1.35 net.
Gibbon, J. M. Drums Afar. Lane. $1.50 net.
Hall, G. Miss Ingalis. Century Co. $1.40 net.
Ibañez, V. B. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Dutton. $1.90 net.
Mackenzie, C. Sylvia Scarlett. Harper. $1.60 net.
"No. 31,540." Fields and Battlefields. McBride. $1.50 net.
Olmstead, F. On Furlough. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Rives, A. The Ghost Garden. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Smyth, C. The Gilded Man. Boni & Liveright. $1.50 net.
Steele, W. D. Land's End. Harper. $1.35 net.
Tales from Boccaccio. Stratford Universal Library Series. The Stratford Co. 25 cents.
Updegraff, A. Strayed Revellers. Holt. $1.50 net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Leutrum, Countess Olga. Court and Diplomacy in Austria and Germany: What I Know. Lippincott. $3.50 net.

SOCIAL SCIENCE

Benjamin, E. B. The Larger Liberalism. Cambridge University Press.

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Sayler, J. L. American Tithers. Methodist Book Concern. 15 cents net.
Swift, E. J. Psychology and the Day's Work. Scribner. $2 net.
Villiers, B. Britain After the Peace. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Villard, H. G., and Willoughby, W. W. The Canadian Budgetary System. Appleton.

THE WAR

"Centurion." Gentlemen at Arms. Doubleday, Page. $1.40 net.
Malherbe, H. The Flame that Is France. Century. $1 net.
Mühlon, W. The Vandal of Europe. Translated by W. L. McPherson. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Neuropsychiatry and the War. Prepared by M. W. Brown. Edited by F. E. Williams. War Work Committee, the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, Inc.
O'Shaughnessy, N. My Lorraine Journal. Harper. $1.60 net.
Stoddard, L., and Frank, G. Stakes of the War. Century. $2.50 net.
Williams, W. When Chenal Sings the "Marseillaise." Dutton. 50 cents net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Tobias, R. B., and Marcy, M. E. Women as Sex Vendors. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 50 cents net.

TEXTBOOKS

Armsby, H. P. The Conservation of Food Energy. Saunders. 75 cents.
Dull, C. E. Essentials of Modern Chemistry. Holt.
Fabre, J. H. Insect Adventures. World Book Co. $1 net.
Ferguson, H. W. A Child's Book of the Teeth. World Book Co. 44 cents.

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